

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,063



APRIL 12, 1890

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 12, 1890



# THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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ÉDITION  
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS [PRICE NINEPENCE  
By Post 9½d.]



Prince Alfred

Dr. Müller

The Duke of Edinburgh

The Duchess of Edinburgh

The Prince of Wales

Prince George of Wales

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse

THE CONFIRMATION OF H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH, ELDEST SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH,  
IN THE CHAPEL OF THE GRAND DUCAL PALACE AT COBURG  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



## Topics of the Week

**THE VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES.**—Even when allowance is made for the praise which critics consider it incumbent upon them to bestow on our citizen soldiers, the general opinion of their performances during Eastertide is distinctly favourable. Slowly but surely they are improving in the essentials of military efficiency. To compare them with the Regulars is, of course, pure absurdity; with the very limited time at their disposal, nothing short of a miracle could make them equal to troops who undergo drill almost every day of the year. The question for the taxpaying community is not whether the Volunteers come up to the highest level of efficiency, but whether they are worth the money they cost. On that point there cannot be any difference of opinion; for a comparatively small sum the State obtains a large body of tolerably drilled and very intelligent soldiers, ready at any moment to take part in the national defence. But this is not all the gain to England from the scare caused by Napoleon's fire-eating colonels. It is estimated that some three-quarters of a million of British citizens have passed through the Volunteer ranks, and who shall estimate the amount of advantage to the nation at large, from the habits of punctuality, promptness of judgment, and ready obedience which they acquired and helped to spread? From a sympathetic point of view, one may regret that the weather underwent an unfavourable change on Easter Monday. But the cardinal purpose of the manœuvres being to test the soldier-like quality of the Volunteers at every point, the rain and wind had their advantages. And it must be admitted that the Volunteers stood this trying test quite as well as the best Regulars in the world could have done. They took the ungracious favours of the clerk of the weather with unruffled composure, and, drenched as they were, they carried out the entire programme, including the march-past.

**IRISH LANDOWNERS AND MR. BALFOUR'S BILL.**—Irish landlords have evidently no very friendly feeling with regard to Mr. Balfour's Land Bill. Those of them whose estates are heavily encumbered look forward with dread to the prospect of the sale of their possessions; and to others it seems that the British taxpayer might reasonably be asked to provide security for a considerably larger amount than the sum to be obtained on the basis of twenty years' purchase. Before deciding to oppose the measure, however, landowners ought to ask themselves whether they are ever likely to secure better terms. Suppose that at the next General Election a majority in favour of Home Rule were returned. Does any one suppose that in that case the interests of Irish landlords would be carefully guarded? Mr. Gladstone's last attempt to deal with the problem was so unsuccessful that he would decline to deal with it again, and the whole question would be handed over to the new Irish Parliament. In what spirit an Irish Parliament would take the matter in hand every one knows. The landowners might get "prairie value" for their land, but much more than that would certainly not be offered to them. If they are wise, then, they will cordially accept the principle of Mr. Balfour's measure, and content themselves with suggestions for the amendment of its details. The real danger they have to fear is that tenants will not generally take advantage of the provisions of the Bill. No doubt an immense boon is brought within the reach of the peasantry; but what if they persuade themselves that by maintaining the present system they would have a chance of ultimately getting their holdings for next to nothing? It is very far from impossible that that may be the conclusion at which they will arrive.

**RAILWAY-STATION SPEECHES.**—Although he was unable to keep King Charles's head—that is to say, Irish Home Rule—out of his addresses at Weybridge and Tring, Mr. Gladstone was at both these places both interesting and informing. No doubt these speeches have commanded a far wider circle of readers than his more ambitious efforts. This is due, not to their superior merit, but to their brevity. When will our modern political orators learn the lesson contained in this remark? The very men who grumble lustily if a clergyman preaches a sermon of more than twenty minutes' duration will deliver a speech which occupies three or four columns of small type in a newspaper. It is quite true that the people who hear this speech with their own ears are not dissatisfied with its length. On the contrary, it constantly happens that, if the orator should modestly hint that it is time for him to stop, they shout vociferously, "Go on!" But, then, it must be remembered that the audience have secured their seats with some effort and inconvenience, and they naturally wish to have their full money's worth. Besides, in the case of a prominent and popular statesman, there is a distinct pleasure in looking at him, and in hearing his actual utterances. This magic is lost upon the far larger audience outside the hall whom the prominent statesman is equally anxious to attract, but who have to listen to his rhetoric through the ears of the stenographer. The practical result is that the great majority of this outside audience do not listen at all. They are choked off by the solid mass of type, and they content themselves with the neat summaries furnished by the evening newspapers. Well; what is the conclusion of the whole matter?

Why, that in these days, except under very special circumstances, long speeches, either in or out of Parliament, are an anachronism and a blunder. Orators should adopt the railway-station method, and should only give a concise summary of what they would have said at full length in days of less printing and more leisure.

**AUSTRALASIAN BORROWING.**—Great as is the prosperity of Australasia, and splendid as seems her future, it is high time that her citizens placed some check on the borrowing proclivities of their Governments. A correspondent of the *Standard* estimates that the seven great colonies, with an aggregate population considerably less than that of London, are indebted to English capitalists in a sum not very far short of three hundred millions sterling. No doubt the greater part of the money has been spent on reproductive works, which earn the amount payable for interest. Nor can it be denied that a country possessing practically limitless openings for development can afford to discount its future to a much larger extent than would be safe in the case of an already developed land. The really dangerous feature in Australasian borrowing is that it saddles the colonies with a permanent foreign drain of almost unbearable weight. At the present time, it may be safely estimated that every man, woman, and child in the seven dependencies has to earn 3*l.* per annum to be sent to England. It matters not whether the amount be forwarded in money or in goods; some twelve millions per annum take wings, to satisfy the British creditor. Nor is even this the end of the mischief that is going on. Fresh borrowings at the rate of eight or nine millions continue, chiefly in order to provide means for the construction of those public works without which the working classes would be unable to earn sufficiently high wages to contribute their share of the annual remittance. At the same time, the labouring population opposes emigration lest the wage-rate should be lowered, so that the earning capacity of the community and the development of the country are both retarded by the very means adopted to accelerate them. It is a vicious state of things, truly, and Australasian statesmanship cannot too quickly discover a remedy.

**EMIN PASHA'S NEW MISSION.**—When it became known that Emin Pasha had accepted service under Major Wissmann, it was at once assumed by a great many people in this country that English interests in Africa were about to be attacked. There is no real evidence that anything of the kind is to be feared. The rights of the British East African Company are defined, upon the whole, with sufficient clearness, and it is ridiculous to suppose that any civilised Government would seek deliberately to violate them. If over-zealous German officers were to do anything of which we could reasonably complain, we are entitled to assume that their action would be repudiated by the authorities at Berlin. It is just possible that Germany may aim at securing possession of the Valley of the White Nile. If that be so, and if we are still to be allowed to have free access to Central Africa, can we honestly say that the aim is one which we are justified in condemning? The entire region might have been under our control if we had chosen to occupy it. Having abandoned it, we have no sort of right to stand in the way of other people, who may wish to accomplish the task we declined to undertake. Any Power which may bring order into the districts bordering on our territory will do us a service, and we ought to welcome its co-operation rather than watch its progress with jealousy. As for the supposed "ingratitude" of Emin Pasha, that may safely be dismissed from consideration. We might reasonably be offended if he had intentions hostile to our legitimate claims. But he himself, we may be sure, would indignantly repudiate the idea that he has the faintest wish to injure the country which, in sending out an Expedition for his rescue, was animated by sincere respect for his work and for his character.

**STRIKES AND RIOTING.**—The Irish are not usually supposed to be the least rowdy people on the face of this planet, and, therefore, the fact deserves to be set down to the credit of the "distressful country" that, in spite of the recent prolonged strike in the bacon trade, there was not a single criminal case at the Limerick Quarter Sessions held the other day. On the other hand, until lately, no Continental metropolis was reckoned to contain a more easy-going and good-humoured population than Vienna. But now, and for some time past, since the strike-mania spread over the Continent, Vienna has been the scene of some desperate rioting. This is possibly partly due to the still prevalent bureaucratic tradition that all popular demonstrations are dangerous, and ought to be suppressed at once. This tendency to immediate police interference, of a far more high-handed and despotic character than the tyrannising propensities falsely alleged against Mr. Balfour in Ireland, no doubt adds to the malignity of the Socialist element which, when wages-questions are agitated, usually mingles largely with the *bonâ fide* strikers. Another proof that society in Central Europe is still largely in an eighteenth-century condition is shown by the facility with which the popular animus is directed against the Jews. Of course the Jews are relatively far more numerous than with us, and they arouse envy by a prosperity which is too often built up out of their neighbours' adversity. Still, this

*Judenhetze* is not a pleasant spectacle, and it makes one realise how very superficial after all is European civilisation at the close of "this so-called nineteenth century."

**PARLIAMENTARY REPRESENTATION OF LABOUR.**—That the more intelligent class of workmen should aspire to obtain a larger representation of their community in the House of Commons is as natural as laudable. So far as that goes, therefore, the Labour Electoral Association may safely depend upon the sympathetic support of public opinion. As its annual report justly argues, this demand does not necessarily signify an attempt to subordinate all other interests in Parliament to the labour interest. The whole contention of the men is that, since bankers, railway shareholders, landowners, and lawyers—especially lawyers—are influentially represented on both sides of the Lower House, it is unjust to fob off the millions of manual toilers with something less than half-a-dozen seats. No doubt their interests are represented in a way by the House collectively, as are all other interests. But that is not at all the same thing as direct class representation, nor do the working classes feel sure that, with so many capitalists among the members, the rights of labour are duly upheld. The main difficulty to be surmounted in producing the desired change is purely financial. It is complained by the men that, whenever a vacancy occurs where a labour candidate would have a good chance, he is apt to be thrust aside by the party wire-pullers in favour of their own nominee. Such is the case, no doubt; but the fault really lies with the men themselves for not organising their electoral strength beforehand. They cannot fairly expect to enjoy the fruits of other people's labour, energy, and expenditure on the details of organisation. It is to remedy this defect, therefore, that the Labour Electoral Association has been started; and, as it already numbers more than a quarter of a million of members, it should have sufficient funds to pay the organising expenses of a score or more of labour candidates at the next General Election.

**"EXTRAORDINARY PROGRESS."**—In his letter to Mr. John Cowan, Mr. Gladstone congratulated himself on the prospect of noting, with his constituents in Midlothian, the "extraordinary progress" made by the Home Rule "cause" since 1886. The only evidence of this "extraordinary progress" is the evidence afforded by the by-elections; and that, as every one knows, is anything but trustworthy. Relying on evidence of exactly the same kind, Lord Beaconsfield appealed to the country with confidence in 1880; and the result was that his majority disappeared. May not the by-elections be equally misleading in the present instance? Even if we assume that, in a general sense, there is an overwhelming current of opinion in favour of Home Rule, it is not at all certain that the question will be settled by the next Parliament; for it must be remembered that no precise definition of what is meant by Home Rule has yet been given. We are told that the Irish must be allowed to manage their own affairs in their own way; but the relations which are to exist between the Irish Parliament and the Imperial Parliament have never been even faintly indicated. This is the *crux* of the entire controversy; and it is conceivable that, if Mr. Gladstone declines to enlighten the country as to his ideas on the subject, the experience of 1886 may be repeated. He may secure a majority only to find that it is a majority not really united with regard to the most important part of the problem. If Mr. Gladstone desires to stand on firm ground, he will let Englishmen know what it is that he really wishes to do for Ireland. His reluctance to commit himself to any very definite statement may perhaps be held to prove that he himself does not quite see his way to the goal he is so anxious to reach.

**A MUNICIPAL BAND FOR LONDON.**—Although the rest of the giant city is perhaps placidly unaware of the fact, North-Western London has been lately violently agitated on the question of the Sunday band on Hampstead Heath, and the local prints have teemed with correspondence in which the logical arguments have played a conspicuous part. We have no intention here of entering into this heated discussion, but we may take the opportunity of referring to a kindred topic, namely, the proposed maintenance of an efficient municipal band by the London County Council. It does, by the way, seem rather absurd that our chosen representatives should be powerless to act in a small and exclusively local concern like this without obtaining permission from Parliament. Now Parliament, whatever its other merits may be, is undeniably a slow coach, and probably before the necessary powers are obtained the brief English summer will be well nigh over. Mr. W. Phillips, therefore, of North Park, Eltham, S.E., the Chairman of the Parks and Open Spaces Committee of the London County Council, in order that no time may be lost, desires to start a band at once, and he states, after consulting several experts, that a sum of twelve hundred pounds will suffice for present purposes. We hope his modest appeal will meet with a hearty response, for no form of charity can be less open to objection. No one will be pauperised by the establishment of a public band, while an innocent pleasure will be conferred on thousands. When the band is started, as no doubt it will be, we hope those who arrange the performances will not go in for music of a sort which may be admirable of its kind, but



which is "caviare to the general." The public like something with plenty of tune in it, and their wishes in this respect should be regarded. As for the humanising effects of music, we believe that if the United Kingdom Alliance were to start half-a-dozen good bands they would do more towards emptying the public-houses than by any number of lectures and pamphlets.

**GREAT GAME IN AFRICA.**—Not without reason does Mr. Stanley denounce the senseless waste now going on in Southern Africa by the indiscriminate slaughter of great game. Unless England and Germany enter into a solemn league and covenant to stop this work in their respective territories, their too energetic sportsmen will soon have to regret their folly in killing for the sake of killing. Already not a few species which used to be abundant are nearly exterminated. That mighty Nimrod, Gordon Cumming, would look in vain for the innumerable herds of deer which, in his time, were to be met with without going very far into the interior. As for the elephant and the giraffe, the sportsman must march very far afield indeed to come across these once-plentiful prizes. There may be some, perhaps, to argue that the extermination of the South African fauna would be rather a happy riddance, inasmuch as the bigger animals work ruin to the standing crops, and thus deprive the natives of the expected reward of their industry. That would be a sound argument enough for thinning the despoilers, even as rookeries are thinned in England. The Dark Continent has, undoubtedly, other and higher uses than to breed multitudes of four-footed beasts. But thinning the quadrupedal population is one thing, destroying it root and branch is quite another, and Mr. Stanley deserves credit for raising his voice against the latter practice. In India the slaughter of wild elephants is prohibited by the State, while in some provinces game is protected by special legislation, as the only way of saving it from extinction. The British East African Company should at once adopt similar measures of protection; in the vast territories under its jurisdiction there is ample room both for man and beast to find a living without getting in one another's way.

**GERMAN OFFICERS AND THE KAISER.**—Whatever else the German Emperor may or may not be, he cannot be described as a commonplace person. Almost every week he surprises Europe by some fresh manifestation of his character. One of the latest of his outbreaks was the expression of a resolve to secure simplicity of living among the officers of the German army. To English ears the tone of his Rescript on the subject sounds strangely autocratic, but it must be admitted that the objects he has set before himself are worthy of all respect. At present German officers are taken only from the noble and official classes. Other classes, however, are quite as capable of providing men fitted for officers' duties, and the Kaiser sees no reason why they should not be allowed to contribute to the efficiency of the army. The difficulty in the way is that the expenditure of officers is beyond the means of most persons of the middle ranks of society. The Emperor's solution is that unnecessary expenditure must be sternly discouraged, and it is tolerably certain that his views about the matter will be generally adopted, as it is notorious in Germany that very many officers have always found it hard to "make the two ends meet." Those of them who are in this position will be only too glad to co-operate with the Emperor in the attempt to check foolish extravagance. Thus a fine career will be opened to classes whose wealth does not correspond to their intelligence, and the army will profit by the change. It is possible, too, that the influence of the new system may make itself felt in the community generally, for, since the time of Frederick the Great, the ideals of military men in Germany have constantly tended to become the ideals of civilians also.

**BEET-ROOT CULTIVATION IN IRELAND.**—Among the many panaceas put forth from time to time for the regeneration of Ireland, "An Irish Landlord" now suggests the introduction of the beet-root industry. There can be no doubt that the development of this industry has conferred a substantial benefit in Germany, because it necessitates careful and assiduous farming, and because it possesses the additional advantage of combining manufacturing with agricultural enterprise. But, even if the Irish farmers as a body were more skilful masters of their craft than they actually are, it is to be feared that any expectations based on the above-mentioned suggestion are doomed to disappointment. There is a hindrance in the way which no legislative changes, not even a complete revolution in the national character, can overcome. In order to become a profitable raw material for sugar-making purposes, beet-root requires a continuous spell of summer heat to develop properly its saccharine constituents. It is quite true that the winter in North Germany is much colder than the winter in any part of the United Kingdom. But the winter temperature does not matter. What North Germany possesses, and what Great Britain (and Ireland in still greater measure) lacks, is a continuance of thoroughly warm weather during the summer months. The part of England which climatically most nearly resembles North Germany is East Anglia. The winters there are colder, and the summers warmer, than anywhere else. Only a few years ago an attempt was made in Norfolk to grow beet-root for sugar-

manufacturing purposes. No small amount of capital was invested in the enterprise, and the experiments were conducted on a sufficiently systematic scale. Yet commercially it resulted in failure, and for the reason above indicated, a reason which applies still more forcibly to Ireland, where the clouded skies, frequent rain, and low temperature of the summer months renders even wheat (which can be grown to perfection in East Anglia) a precarious and rarely profitable crop.

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WILL SHORTLY BE ISSUED,

Containing numerous Illustrations (some of which will be printed in Colours) of the recent travels of Mr.

H. M. STANLEY,

In his successful attempt to relieve Emin Pasha.

The date of publication will be dependent on the arrival of Mr. Stanley in this country, but as a large demand for this number is anticipated, the public would do well to give their orders AT ONCE to their Newsagents in order to secure a copy.

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NOTICE.—With this number are issued TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one showing INCIDENTS in the EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES, the other, in colours, entitled, "THE LEICESTERSHIRE COVERS, 1820."



**LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART.—MATINEE of THE DEAD HEART THIS (SATURDAY) MORNING and Saturday Mornings, April 19th and 26th, at two o'clock.** Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Stirling, Mr. Righton; Miss Phillips and Miss Ellen Terry.

**THE BELLS, THIS (SATURDAY) EVENING, and Saturday Evenings, April 19 and 26 at 8.50.** Mathias (his original part), Mr. Henry Irving. Box-office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can also be booked by letter or telegram.—LYCEUM

**BRIGHTON THEATRE and OPERA HOUSE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. NYE CHART.—MONDAY, April 14, AUNT JACK.**

**BRITANNIA THEATRE.—Sole Proprietress, Mrs. S. LANE.** Monday, April 14, and Every Evening at Seven, IN THE RANKS. Misses Oliph Webb, M. Marshall; Messrs. Alcorn Syme, W. Steadman, J. B. Howe, W. Gardner, &c. Concluding with HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

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THE CONFIRMATION OF PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH

AFTER leaving Berlin, the Prince of Wales and Prince George journeyed to Coburg, there to take part in the interesting ceremony depicted in our engraving. Prince Alfred, the eldest son of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, was born at Buckingham Palace on October 15th, 1874, and has therefore reached the age of fifteen years. Royal personages are usually considered "grown-up" before humbler folk, and consequently undergo the ceremonies which fit them for manhood and womanhood somewhat earlier. Prince Alfred is already, moreover, a Lieutenant in the Sixth Prussian Regiment of Thuringian Infantry, and has thus entered upon his military duties while full young. It was not considered too early therefore to endue him with religious responsibilities, and accordingly on Sunday, March 30th, his confirmation took place in the Royal Church of the Palace at Coburg. First, Prince Alfred, who wore the uniform of his regiment and the insignia of the Red Eagle, underwent an examination by Dr. Müller. Dr. Müller then gave the blessing, and the Holy Communion was afterwards administered. Prince Alfred was the first to receive the Sacrament, and he was followed by the other members of the Royal party. The Duchess of Edinburgh then affectionately embraced her son, and the ceremony was over.—Our portrait of the Prince is from a photograph by E. Uhlenhuth, Coburg.

MR. F. T. BARRY, M.P.

THE election for the Royal borough of Windsor to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Mr. Richardson-Gardner took place on April 2nd, when Mr. Barry, the Conservative candidate, polled 1,522 votes, thus beating his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. W. H. Grenfell, who only received 972 votes, by a majority of 550. As the late member was also a Conservative, the political representation of Windsor remains unchanged. Mr. Francis Tress Barry, of Keiss Castle, Caithness-shire, and of St. Leonard's Hill, near Windsor, is the eldest son of the late Mr. Charles Barry, of Orpington, Kent, and was born in the year 1825. He is a magistrate and a deputy-lieutenant for Caithness, and a magistrate also for Berks, in which county he has lately become a resident, having purchased the property of the Lords Harcourt, a title now extinct. He is also Baron de Barry in Portugal. He now enters Parliament for the first time. In 1851 he married Sarah Douglas, only daughter of Mr. Arthur Heron, of Northiam, Sussex.—Our portrait is from a photograph by H. W. Macdonald, Eton.

MR. JAMES SOMERVELL, M.P.

THE election for the Ayr Burghs caused great local excitement, and the poll was remarkably heavy. Mr. Somervell, the Conservative candidate, won by a majority of 130 votes, scoring 2,610 votes against the 2,480 obtained by his Gladstonian opponent, Mr. Edmund Routledge. Mr. James Somervell, of Sorn Castle, Mauchline, Ayrshire, was born in 1845. He was educated at Harrow and Oxford, and was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple in 1870. For some years he was engaged in journalistic work in London, but on the death of his father he succeeded to large estates in Ayrshire. He is a magistrate of the county, and has held a commission in the Ayr Yeomanry since 1868. In the 1885 General Election he unsuccessfully contested the Tradeston Division of Glasgow. As his predecessor, Mr. Sinclair, was a Gladstonian, Mr. Somervell's election means the gain of a seat to the Unionists.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Bara, Ayr, N.B.

H.M.S. "THRUSH"

MUCH interest is taken in this new gun-vessel, which is now ready for sea, from the fact that she will furnish Prince George of Wales with his first independent command. Our "Sailor Prince" is now a full lieutenant, and he will thus have a chance of showing what he can do in a position of authority. The *Thrush's* destination is the North American and West Indies Station, where she will take the place of the obsolete second-class gunboat *Forward*. It will be seen, therefore, that Prince George's duties are to take him far away from home. That he is no harbour-sailor, however, he has proved already, and there can be little doubt that he will do himself credit in his new position. The *Thrush*, which was launched on October 10th last, is a single-screw gunboat of the *Rattler* type. The following are her principal particulars:—Length between perpendiculars, 165 ft.; extreme breadth, 31 ft.; load draught (fore), 10 ft. 3 in.; ditto (aft), 13 ft.; load displacement, 805 tons; indicated horse-power (forced draught), 1,200; ditto (natural draught), 720; speed (forced draught), 13 knots; ditto (natural draught), 11.75 knots; armament: six breechloading 4-inch guns, two Hotchkiss machine guns, and two Nordenfolt machine guns. Her crew will consist of seventy-four officers and men all told. The *Thrush*, which was to leave Sheerness on Thursday for Chatham, was built at the works of the Greenwich Foundry Company, and was completed at Sheerness, where, last month, she was inspected by the Prince of Wales and her new commander.





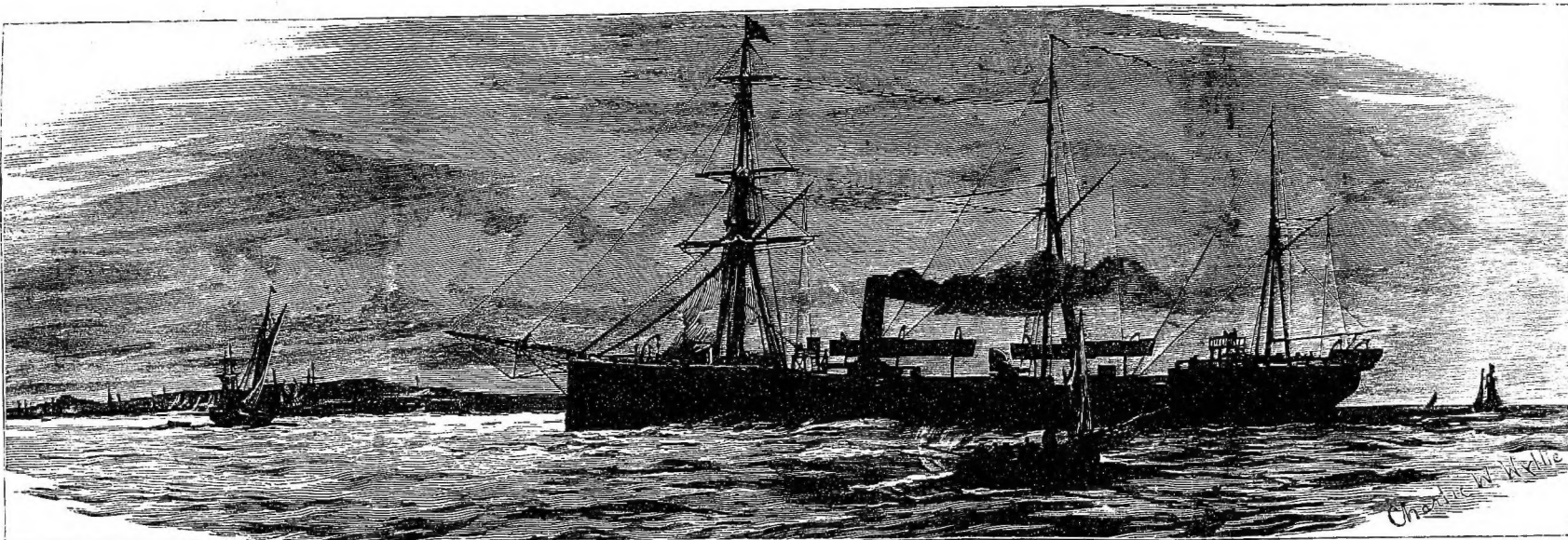
MR. FRANCIS TRESS BARRY  
Conservative M.P. for Windsor



H.R.H. PRINCE ALFRED OF EDINBURGH  
Confirmed last week at Coburg



MR. JAMES SOMERVELL  
Conservative M.P. for the Ayr Burghs

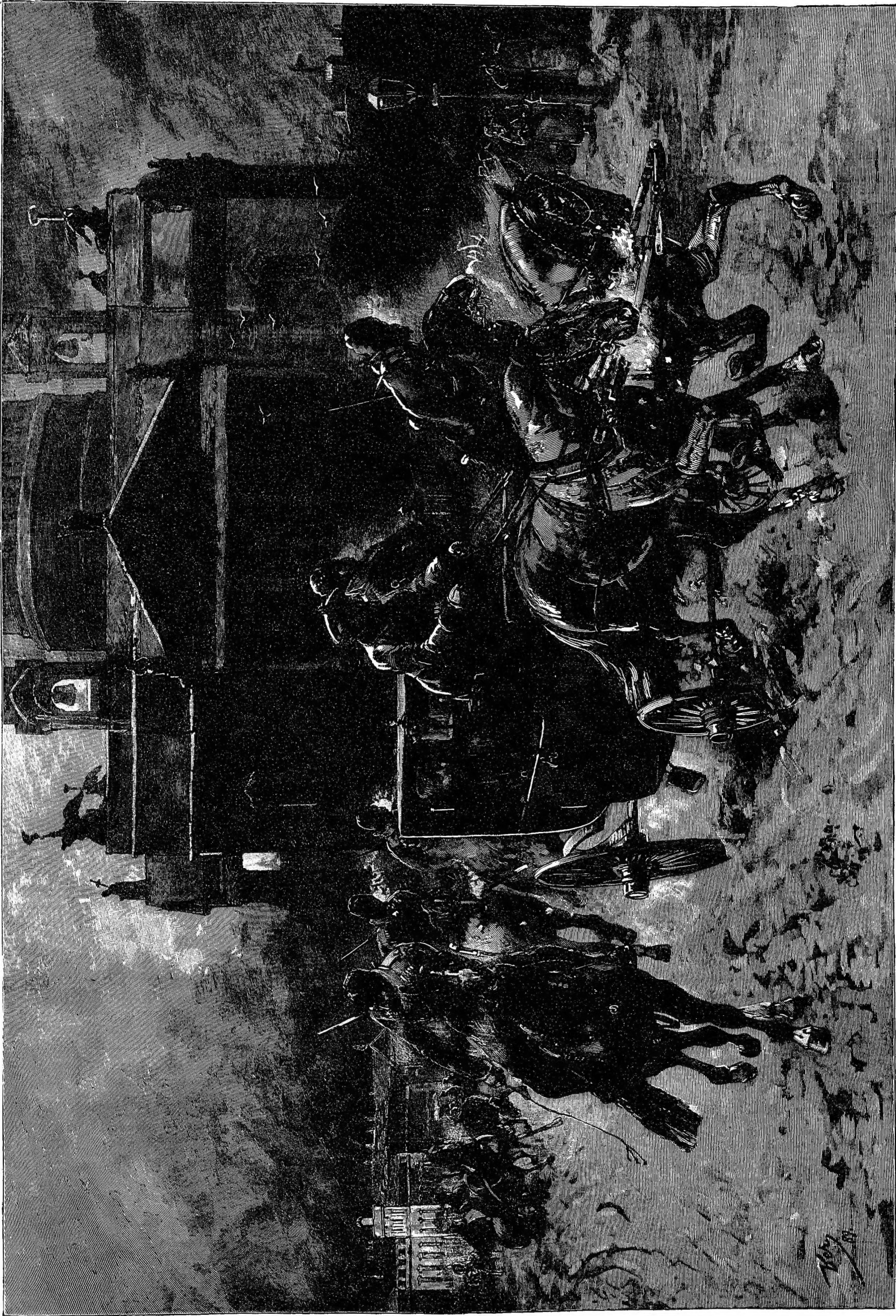


H.M.S. "THRUSH," THE NEW GUNBOAT SHORTLY TO BE COMMISSIONED BY LIEUT. H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE OF WALES



THE TITHE QUESTION IN WALES--A DISTRAINT SALE OF CATTLE





EASTER IN ST. PETERSBURG—HIS MAJESTY THE CZAR DRIVES TO CHURCH



## THE GRAPHIC

## THE TITHE-QUESTION IN WALES

THIS engraving is from a photograph sent to us by Mr. H. W. H. Palmer, of the firm of Palmer and Rains, St. Martin's Lane and Parliament Street. These gentlemen, who are agents for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, were recently engaged in collecting tithes in various Welsh parishes on behalf of the aforesaid body. As in several instances the farmers refused to pay, they were compelled to obtain the tithe by selling property on the farms of the recalcitrant occupiers. They were naturally accompanied on these expeditions by a crowd of sight-seers, whose sympathies were decidedly anti-tithal. In the procession was a donkey drawing a cart, to the front of which was affixed the following legend in Welsh:—"Religious equality for Wales. Tithes for the people. The parson to feed himself. Justice up; tithes down. The voice of the people." Then there was an old soldier, robed in a tablecloth for a surplice, while another man, similarly arrayed, officiated as his curate. The cow which was sold by auction to pay the tithe was gaily decorated for the sacrifice with white ribbons, and bore on her forehead these words in Welsh, "The Tithes to the Nation."

## EASTERTIDE IN RUSSIA

As is well known, no nation takes Easter *au sérieux* so completely as do the Russians. At twelve o'clock on Easter eve every church—and there are many—is crowded with all classes of worshippers, all standing closely packed in the order in which they happened to arrive. Each person holds a wax candle in his or her hand, and the fumes from thousands of these mixing with the "holy incense" produce a cloudy atmosphere, closely resembling a London fog but of different odour. These fumes, if not exactly agreeable to the smelling sense, act as a harmonising medium in reducing the crudeness of the altar decorations or the screen in front of the altar, covered with any number of paintings, the more the better, out of the sacred history. As costliness is the main point in this interior arrangement, the innumerable blue gowns and scarlet mantles in the paintings look all the better for being seen through a mist. As the big and little bells begin to toll at midnight a curtain is withdrawn disclosing the altar, invisible in the darkness but for one or two candle-lights shining like solitary stars close to the crucifix. "Christ is verily arisen" is loudly proclaimed by priests and congregations, and then you are supposed to kiss everybody and be kissed in return, as everybody knows who has visited Russia. Anglo-Saxon prejudices against such salutations between males are not respected, and a real universal brotherhood is supposed to be established for the time being. It is said that the late Czar once in passing a sentinel at the Winter Palace gates, who saluted him with "Christ is truly arisen," immediately returned, and embraced his humble menial most affectionately. After this midnight proclamation, the long fast is over, the carnival begins, and public rejoicings are held in the public squares, icebergs, carousals, and what not. Much noise, lively motions, many potatoes of course, as everywhere else in the world. St. Petersburg will at this time, more than any other, afford the foreigner a *coup d'œil* of the manifold nationalities which populate these flat swamps which the mere will of a Czar changed into an immense metropolis. The town bears in every respect the impress of the individual and all-powerful ruler. No sacrifices of space are made to any particular industry or enterprise; the long, broad streets run straight from the Winter Palace in all directions, as if seeking to reach the limits of this vast empire by the shortest cut; right in front of it runs the broadest river in Europe straight to the ocean. It is the stir and life on these mighty thoroughfares that impresses the stranger with wonder—so unlike the regulated, rather tame, though busy scenes of other capitals.

At Easter the Court is invariably in town, and if you see the *gens d'armes* particularly busy, riding up and down the streets, stopping this, then that carriage from entering a particular thoroughfare; if you see the police carefully scanning your appearance, asking people to move on, removing drunkards, nay, even making signs to you to withdraw from your windows, then you may shortly expect to see the White Czar—but only as in a dream. The Circassian body-guard—eight in number—precede, surround, and follow a close carriage, drawn by a pair of grey trotters tearing away at a speed only equalled at a trotting-match. The padded coachman, in a four-cornered, light blue velvet cap and a dark green fur-collared coat, leans forward, with the reins firmly twisted round his hands, and you wonder how he possibly could ever stop or control a pair of strong young horses, apparently so perfectly the masters of the situation. The Circassians ride in a mad gallop to keep up with them, and ever and anon you hear the "knout" distinctly lash the sides of their scrambling little horses. You can see for a moment the earnest manly face of the Emperor, the white fur-cap with a star in the front, the grey military fur-cloak, perhaps a sympathetic dark-eyed lady's face beside him, but only just one glance, and then a cloud of whirling snow or slush, the red tops of the rear-guard's fur-caps, and the group is far away, going—yes, I dare say only the Czar and his coachman know where! An exception, no doubt, is the Chief of Police, following close behind in his little sledge, drawn by a trotter and a galloping side-runner.

## THE FEDERATION CONFERENCE AT MELBOURNE

THE Deputies from the adjacent colonies who recently assembled in Melbourne for the purpose of conferring on the subject of Australian Federation represented seven different Governments. These representatives were as follows:—For New South Wales, Sir Henry Parkes, the Premier of the colony, and Mr. McMillan; for Victoria, Mr. Gillies and Mr. Deakin; for South Australia, Mr. Playford and Dr. Cockburn; for Queensland, Sir Samuel Griffith and Mr. Macrossan; for New Zealand, Captain Russell and Sir John Hall; for Tasmania, Mr. A. Inglis Clark and Mr. B. S. Bird; and, for Western Australia, Sir John Lee Steere. The prologue to the actual business was a banquet, given by Mr. Gillies to the rest of the delegates in the Queen's Hall of the Legislative Council Chamber, Lord Hopetoun, the Governor of Victoria, and a number of other public men, being present. Unfortunately, the entertainment took place during a spell of intensely hot weather, such as had never before been experienced in the annals of the colony. The subsequent meetings, however, were fairly successful, the delegates frankly acknowledging the necessity of a give-and-take policy. They readily admitted the exceptional position of New Zealand, with her Maori population, and her distance (1,200 miles) from the great island-continent. They agreed, therefore, that she should only be called upon, when a scheme of inter-colonial defence has been thoroughly worked out, to contribute to the Navy, and not to the Army. As Mr. Service has observed, the real lion in the path of Australian Federation is the fiscal antagonism of the several colonies among themselves. However, when the Conference separated, after making provision for further meetings in the early future, it was felt that substantial work had been done, and that henceforward the general community would have clearer views as to the scope and practicability of Australian Federation.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. G. R. Ashton, Melbourne.

## A GROUP OF CRETAN INSURGENTS

"IT is among the mountains," says a recent writer in the *Globe*, "that one finds the Christians of Crete at their noblest development. When the two races are at strife, this is at all times the seat of revolt. The White Mountains, south of Canea, the capital, rise to a height of 8,000 feet, and among their peaks are a number of

recesses and plateaux, occupied by Christian villages. These mountaineers make a most impressive appearance. Men of six feet and more in height are common, and the girls are nowhere more beautiful. Their fastnesses, too, are well guarded when the note of war has gone forth. The dress of the Cretans shows them to be of advantage. They wear bright-coloured vests studded with a multi-tude of buttons, and open at the front to show the shirt. Over the vest is a short jacket. A sash wound round the waist holds the universal dagger. They wear blue cotton trousers, very baggy; yellow top boots; a crimson fez on the head; and a gun on the shoulder."—Our engraving is from a photograph taken by Mr. R. G. Krüger, who penetrated at some risk into these elevated regions. The warriors submitted patiently to be "took," but were disappointed at not each receiving immediately a copy of the picture. The picture gives only a portion of the whole photograph, which contains some hundreds of figures.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is continued on page 417.

## "MY FIRST SEASON"

See page 420

## A BANK HOLIDAY ROADSIDE SCENE

NOT this last Bank Holiday—no one who was out on that cold gusty rainy day needs to be told that. Mr. Hatherell has depicted the Easter Festival as we should always like it to be, not as it too frequently is. The sun is shining, the birds are singing, and every one is hot and happy. All are "on pleasure bent"—save and except the Punch and Judy men in the background, and, perhaps, the somewhat seedy-looking personage with a burden on his shoulder, and a pipe in his mouth. The cyclist is present, of course, in great force; he always is on such festivals. The energy which the knights of the wheel display on the hottest of hot days is quite inexplicable to those who are not cyclists, and who prefer to lounge slowly along, or, even more lazy still, to enjoy the *dolce far niente* by basking in the sun, like the parent in the left of the picture, who, careless of his offspring in the perambulator, is lying on his back.

## THE HUMOURS OF A VOLUNTEER CAMP

THIS, we may be sure, was not one of the numerous Volunteer camps which were dotted over the country at the beginning of the week. Our citizen soldiers, whatever they may have been in the past, nowadays take their duties much too seriously to be guilty of such frivolities and disciplinary *lâches* as are here depicted. This camp must be situated in the mysterious district of Erewhon, and its humours, we feel sure, only exist in the fertile brain of Mr. J. F. T. Jane, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our engravings are taken.

## THE EASTER MANŒUVRES

IN accordance with modern procedure, which prefers to substitute for an imposing military spectacle operations which shall, as closely as possible, counterfeit the tactics of actual warfare, and thereby afford substantial instruction to the Volunteers and other troops engaged, the manœuvres this Easter, as on several previous occasions, have been conducted in various localities instead of being concentrated, as was once the fashion, on a single spot. In every place, however, the elements were impartially leagued against the combatants. Hardly, if ever, during the thirty years of the Volunteer revival has there been a more disagreeable Easter Monday morning than that of April 7th. A strong south-west wind prevailed, accompanied by showers of rain mingled with sleet, which made the ground muddy and slippery beyond description. The weather at Portsmouth, for example, spoilt what would otherwise have been a pretty sight. The idea governing the proceedings at that seaport was that an enemy had forced the Needles passage, having previously, it must be presumed, sunk the Channel Fleet, and silenced the batteries at Gosport and Stokes Bay. Having accomplished these feats, its next step was to cover the landing of a military expedition. At Brighton the combatants, who did not in all exceed two thousand in number, were divided into two portions, respectively styled the Lewes Force and the Brighton Force, and on the edge of Plumpton Plain they hammered away at each other for a considerable time. There was, however, little or no manœuvring, and the firing did not begin till the lines were two hundred yards apart, and from that time consisted solely in the exchange of heavy fire at extremely short distances, one force gradually retiring as the other advanced. At Eastbourne on Easter Monday morning the Mobilisation Home Defence Scheme was again acted upon on the heights beyond the town. Considering the saturated condition of the ground, the men manœuvred very steadily, the new attack formations being practised. The march of the Volunteers through Essex culminated on Easter Monday in a brilliant sham fight four miles to the north of Colchester, in which several thousands of Volunteers and Regular troops took place. The East Anglians, too, were favoured with better weather than prevailed elsewhere, the latter part of the day proving beautifully fine. But of all the localities where manœuvres took place, the operations on the hills above Folkestone attracted the most attention. Here, again, the troops engaged were divided into Invaders and Defenders, but the Invaders were themselves acting on the defensive, as, while their imaginary main body was invading Dover, they themselves were in great danger of being cut off on Folkestone heights. The battle raged round the position on Caesar's Camp, and here by degrees all the interest centred. The din of mingled musketry and artillery and of the machine-guns belonging to the 1st Tower Hamlets Rifles, (one of the smartest corps on the ground, by the way), with the wind constantly howling over the hills, was loud and weird. Nevertheless, the Volunteers kept to their work with remarkable steadiness. The Cyclists of the Royal Marines, as well as those of the Volunteers, were in the field, but both the weather and the nature of the country were against them. Nevertheless, as our artist, Mr. C. J. Staniland, accompanied the former force from Walmer to the Battle of Tolsford Hill, he will describe what he saw in his own words:—

"The objective of the Cyclists' ride was, firstly, to find and keep touch with the enemy, to keep open communication between the different corps commanders, and, finally, by a circular ride, to get in the rear of the enemy, and, lying in ambush, take them between two fires in their retreat. Leaving South Barracks, Walmer, on Friday, under the command of Major Edye (the subject of our second sketch) the Royal Marine Cyclists rode to Dover, and put up there for the night. On Saturday they passed through Folkestone, and on through Newington, Westenhanger, and Newbarns, thus circling the position of the enemy on Tolsford Hill, and getting well in their rear. By this time the enemy were retreating over the hill from their second position, and, to their surprise, were met by a fierce fire from the dismounted Cyclists. After a smart fusillade, the 'cease firing' sounded, and the battle was over, the Cyclists having succeeded in their plan of cutting off the retreating enemy."

"The incident in No. 4 was amusing. The Cyclists were dismounted at the cross road by Newbarns, when two grey Cyclists appeared round a corner, and, on seeing a strong force there, halted, and incontinently bolted. The Major gave chase on foot, and emptied his revolver at them, whilst one or two of his men had a pot shot also. Machines were hurriedly mounted, and chase given.

They were two Cyclists of the 'Artists,' and friendly. They drew our fire by foolishly bolting.

"No. 5. The writer was driving into Dover a little in rear of the Cyclists, when we came on one of the 26th Middlesex Cyclists (Colonel Saville's men) whose machine had broken down, and was not even pushable, so we hauled his machine on to the dogcart, and ran it into Dover for him."

"This is the first Cyclists' Corps organised in connection with the Regular Forces, and has been brought to its present creditable state by the energy of Major Edye, well backed up by Captain Anderson (the Adjutant) and Captain Higgins."

## THE LEICESTERSHIRE COVERS, 1820

See page 419



## II.

THE *Fortnightly Review* is a somewhat pessimistic number. We have Mr. Oswald Crawford attacking "The London Stage," chiefly on the not very original ground that managers who are also actors look askance on plays which do not assign to one character—their character—nearly all of what is technically called the "fat;" Mrs. Lynn Linton comparing "Literature, Then and Now," not at all to the advantage of "Now;" Miss Clementina Black criticising "Marriage" in the style with which Mrs. Mona Caird has familiarised us; and Mr. David Schloss on "The Sweating System." Against these must be placed Mr. Swinburne's "James Shirley," another of his brilliant criticisms on old-time dramatists; and the Hon. G. N. Curzon's "Leaves from a Diary on the Karun River," of which there are "more to follow."

The "Fall of Prince Bismarck" in the *New Review* contains some new—and, let us hope, true—stories of the Chancellor.—Sir Morell Mackenzie, who deals with that oft-told but ever interesting subject, "The Effect of Smoking on the Voice," sums up the whole matter thus: Let the man who must smoke do so only after a substantial meal; and, if he be a singer or speaker, after, and never before, using the voice. Let him smoke "a mild Havannah, or a long-stemmed pipe charged with some cool-smoking tobacco;" or, "if the charms of the cigarette are irresistible, let it be smoked through a mouthpiece which is kept clean with ultra-Mahomedan strictness."—"The World's Desire," a new romance, in which Messrs. Haggard and Lang collaborate, begins in this number. Its diction is Homeric, and will doubtless please Mr. Gladstone; but we fear that ordinary people will be inclined to imitate Homer, and nod.

*Blackwood* opens with a not very interesting political skit on "Scottish Home Rule, A.D. 1920." Present-day politics are wearisome enough; surely we might be spared these plunges into the future.—Mr. Horace Hutchinson compares cricket with golf to the disadvantage, of course, of the former; and there is a pleasant paper on "A Surrey River."—But one misses "The Days of the Dandies," which have come to an end with the death of their author, Lord Lamington.

To the *National Review* for April Mr. Arthur A. Baumann, M.P., makes an interesting contribution anent the "Amendments of the Factory Act." He comments unfavourably on the delay of the Select Committee of the House of Lords in presenting its report on the Sweating System. Moreover, he draws attention to an almost universal complaint from the witnesses before the Committee that after the factory inspector had reported any structural defect relating to drainage or ventilation to the sanitary authority of the parish the latter did nothing at all. Mr. Baumann proposes to make it compulsory on the parish authority to take action on the inspector's report "within fourteen days."—There is also in the *Review* a largely-statistical paper on "Rabies and Muzzling," by A. Shadwell, M.R.C.P.

There is much attractive matter in the *Sun*. Among the rest we may mention "Tiberius of Capri," by Professor Church, which forms part of his series of "Pictures from Roman Story."—"The Origin and Progress of the Chinese Army," by Mr. Andrew T. Sibbald, is also to be commended to notice.

A valuable paper in *Colburn's United Service Magazine* is "A New Naval Power," by "A Naval Journalist." The new naval power is, of course, the United States, whose building programme in fighting ships and cruisers is at present a large one. The writer shows the bearing of all this on our future maritime position.

In the *Scots Magazine* there are some sensible remarks on "Physical Education," by Mr. Alexander Wylie, of Cordale. They form the substance of an address delivered under the auspices of the Scottish Clerks' Association.

One of the most instructive papers in the *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* is "Compulsory Service for Great Britain," which is called "A Civilian View of the Question." The writer remarks on the interest the working classes have in more thorough defence. "Their struggle," he writes, "at present may be severe, and they may, as some of them assert, be defrauded of their dues. But the power of redress, so far as political change can bring redress, is in their own hands. With a successful foreign enemy in our capital, political emancipation might be, and probably would be, thrown back many generations."

In this month's *Sunday at Home* is "Pilate," by the Dean of Westminster, a sermon preached by Dean Bradley, in the Abbey, on a Good Friday afternoon.—There is also a sensible suggestive article on "Nagging," not by any means an uncommon vice, we fear.

The *Boys' Magazine* contains two serials, one "Our Home in the Silver West," a story of struggle and adventure, by Gordon Staples; the other "Barbucane and Co.: or, The Purchase of the Pole," by Jules Verne.—Amongst a great deal else instructive and entertaining we may point to "The Planets, and Where to Find Them," and also to "Fossils and Fossil-Hunting," by Thomas East Jones, M.A., LL.D.

In *Chambers* Mr. Baring-Gould has an energetic protest against "Dwelling in Germany;" while "German Colonies in the Holy Land" will not be found uninteresting.

There is a valuable paper in the *Asclepiad* "On Death by Chloroform." In mature life, the writer observes, "The element of fear, leading up easily to failure of the heart, as chloroform begins to be inhaled, is one of the most serious elements of danger in the whole range of chloroform administration." Such a fact militates against the value of experiments made on animals, unconscious that they are incurring any peril.

We have also received the *Ladies' Treasury*, *Little Folks*, *Harper's Young People*, *Leisure Hour*, *Outing*, *Time*, *London Society*, the *Newberry House Magazine*, the *Quiver*, the *Family Herald*, the *Fireside Pictorial Magazine*, the *Girls' Own Paper*, the *Eagle*, *Belgravia*, and the *Season*.

THE "SUN-CURE" IS TO BE TRIED IN A NEW YORK HOSPITAL.—The roof of the building will be converted into a vast "solarium"—a most comfortable glass hall, furnished with sofas, arm chairs, tables, and every luxury, where patients can enjoy the sunshine in the coldest weather without danger of bitter winds or the fatigue of walking.





MR. GLADSTONE was among the earliest to break the political silence of Easter. On Tuesday, at Weybridge station, and again at Tring, he spoke in reply to laudatory addresses from local admirers. At Weybridge, he reiterated his familiar statement that those whom his opponents call Separatists are the true Unionists. At Tring, he suggested that the Irish might repudiate the repayment of the money to be advanced under the Land Purchase Bill for the conversion of occupiers into owners, because the Irish Nationalists members protest against the measure, and thus, according to the ex-Premier's logic, Ireland will be made a debtor against her will. Meanwhile, a "strong" Unionist candidate, personally popular and possessing considerable local influence, has been addressing meetings of the electors of Mid-Lothian. In a communication to Mr. Gladstone, the representatives of his supporters in the metropolitan county of Scotland admit that Colonel Wauchope has "received an attentive and respectful hearing," and they express themselves as if Mr. Gladstone had promised them a visit this year, and they expected a fulfillment of the promise. In a reply of apparently studied ambiguity, the member for Mid-Lothian neither confirms nor dispels the impression.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER OPERATIONS have this year been planned in a very marked way to subordinate show to utility. Instead of a great massing in one district of the operating corps, they were divided into several groups, marching and manœuvring at different points for days together, and being thus, to a certain extent, made acquainted with the practice of actual warfare. The principal centres of this Easter's manœuvres were Folkestone, Eastbourne, and Portsmouth. Those in the neighbourhood of Folkestone were the most striking; but in all three cases, appropriately for the training of a force which is chiefly intended to be defensive, an enemy was supposed to have invaded the South Coast, and to be making his way thence in force considerable enough to test the strategic skill of the commanders of the defending army and the soldier-like bearing of the men.

THE LONDON TRADES COUNCIL have formally condemned that section of the Bill before Parliament for dealing with strikes which enacts that if a mine or factory inspector considers arbitration in a trade dispute advisable, the parties refusing shall be liable to a fine of 10*l.* for contumacy.—The third annual Congress of the Labour Electoral Congress of Great Britain and Ireland has been sitting this week at Hanley. The claims of the "industrial electorate" to increased Parliamentary representation were insisted on.—At a meeting on Tuesday of representatives of the Jewish section of the London boot and shoe makers who have struck, an olive branch was held out to their employers in the shape of a resolution adopted to the effect that if the masters will allow the men to work in the shops all other questions shall be settled by arbitration.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the National Union of Teachers was opened in London on Monday. The Union embraces all classes of certificated teachers, but consists principally of those engaged in primary instruction. The President, a member of the Bristol School Board, expressed a general satisfaction with the Government's new Education Code. There was nothing to cause surprise in his statement, which he made in language of complaint, that both many magistrates and Attendance Committees do not exert themselves to compel the attendance of children at school.

THE SAD CASE OF RICHARD QUINLAN, of Cork, has been brought vividly before the British public by Colonel Alfred Turner, previous appeals by whom on behalf of victims of social tyranny in Ireland have from time to time been reported in this column. Quinlan served for twenty years in the Army, and retired from it with a good-conduct medal and a pension. He has kept for some years a licensed house for vehicles, horses, and cattle, and up to the end of last year he was making a clear annual profit of 200*l.* But for various courageous and praiseworthy acts of resistance to the dictation of the Cork Nationalists, such as declining to refuse the use of his yard to Mr. Smith-Barry's men, he has been boycotted to the verge of ruin. His daughter has been assaulted, his son, a respectable youth, been discharged from his employment, and very few of his former customers have the courage to go near him. An appeal is, therefore, made for help to a deserving old soldier, which may keep him from ruin and probable bankruptcy. Subscriptions will be received by Colonel Turner, at 44, South Mall, Cork; and by Messrs. Hopkinson and Co., bankers, 3, Regent Street, London, S.W.

THE DEATH, in his seventy-first year, is announced of the second Marquis of Normanby, who, entering the Scots Fusilier Guards in 1838, became, as Earl of Mulgrave, Liberal M.P. for Scarborough from 1847 to 1851, and from 1852 to 1857. He was Controller, and afterwards Treasurer, of the Queen's Household from 1853 to 1858. In that year he was appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, where he remained until 1866. He succeeded his father in 1863, and was a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen from December 1863 to December 1869, and from this date to January 1871 Captain of the Gentlemen-at-Arms. Resuming his career of Colonial Governorship, he then became Governor of Queensland from 1871 to 1874, of New Zealand from 1874 to 1878, and of Victoria from 1878 to 1884. He is succeeded by son, the Rev. the Earl of Mulgrave, Vicar of Worsley, near Manchester, who was born in 1846.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in her eighty-fifth year, of Lady Burgoyne, widow of Colonel Sir John Burgoyne; in his eighty-eighth year, of the Rev. Sir Brook G. Bridges, Bart.; of Sir Charles A. Wood, Vice-Chairman of the Great Western Railway, and previously for fifteen years an Emigration Commissioner; in his fifty-eighth year, of Lieutenant-General Goodlake, late Coldstream Guards, who received the Victoria Cross for gallantry in the Crimea; in his eighty-fifth year, of General Arnold C. Errington, Colonel of the King's Own (Yorkshire) Light Infantry, who distinguished himself in the Burmese War of 1852; in his seventy-third year, of General William C. Menzies, late of the Royal Engineers; in his fifty-ninth year, of Major-General Ralph Gore, late Royal Horse Artillery; in his fifty-sixth year, of Colonel C. W. Street, late Commissioner of Pegu, British Burma; in his seventy-first year, of Mr. Alfred W. Simpson, Recorder of Scarborough; in his eightieth year, of Mr. William Luscombe, senior magistrate for Plymouth, of which borough he had twice been Mayor; in his seventy-eighth year, of Mr. James Spencer Morgan, senior partner of the well-known financial firm of Messrs. J. S. Morgan and Co., and in 1864, successor to the banking business of the late Mr. Peabody; of Mr. John J. Wood, to whose excavations were due the discoveries at Ephesus, notably that of the great Temple of Diana, and the results of whose explorations were recorded in his "Discoveries at Ephesus" (1877); in his seventy-third year, of Mr. Edward Hailstone, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, whose collection of literary, artistic, and antique treasures was probably the finest in the North of England, and who, it is understood, has bequeathed to the Dean and Chapter of York, for preservation in the Minster Library, his famous collection of Yorkshire books, &c.; and in his seventy-sixth year, of Mr. Edward Lloyd, the founder and pro-

prietor of the *Daily Chronicle* and *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, and a large paper-maker. Some years ago he was elected by selection a member of the Reform Club for the services rendered by those journals to the Liberal cause. Mr. Lloyd was a self-made man.



THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has received from the American Bishops an altar-cross for his chapel in Lambeth Palace. In a letter of thanks, addressed to the Bishop of New York, the Primate speaks of the gift as a new token and pledge of the love between the Church in England and in America.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD preached on Tuesday the Spital sermon, much of which was directly and impressively addressed to the scholars of Christ's Hospital, who formed the bulk of the congregation.

CANON LIDDON, preaching at St. Paul's on Easter Sunday, referred to the fashion of contemporary thought which regarded such wonders as the Resurrection, however calculated to impress the mind of bygone generations, as not likely to weigh powerfully with our own, since we of to-day were less struck by the suspension of natural laws than by the unvarying order of nature. But such a fashion would pass if only because it was out of harmony with the average common sense of human nature.

THE "SILVER JUBILEE" of Cardinal Manning's episcopal consecration takes place in June. Preparations are being made for the presentation to him of the testimonial which has been more than once referred to in this column. Among the subscribers are many who are not members of the Roman Catholic Church, and doubtless it is in order to appeal to others in the same category that in a circular which has been issued, drawing attention to the celebration, stress is laid on the Cardinal's charitable and philanthropic work and zealous advocacy of the temperance cause. The circular is signed by the Duke of Norfolk, Monsignor Gilbert, and Alderman and Sheriff Knill, to any one of whom subscriptions may be sent.

ST. CLEMENT DANES.—This church was open on Good Friday throughout the day, and was largely attended. The subject in the morning was "Calvary"; in the afternoon a meditation upon the words from the Cross; and, in the evening, the Rector closed his Holy Week Services with a solemn reflection upon the sweet sleep of Jesus after His toil had ended. The church on Easter Day was decorated with flowers, and the Jubilation Service anticipated the subject of the address, "The Conqueror and His Trophies." In the afternoon the Rev. F. Turner dilated upon "The Empty Tomb," and in the evening the Rev. J. J. H. Septimus Pennington dwelt upon the happy meeting of the Master and His Disciples, thereon basing man's hope of a personal recognition with the departed at the close of life.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Dean and Chapter of Durham have received the usual *congé d'être* for the election of a new Bishop, which is fixed for to-day, Saturday.—On Easter Sunday, a new Easter carol was sung at St. Margaret's, Westminster, of which the words were by Archdeacon Farrar, and the music by Dr. J. F. Bridge.—The next International Conference (the ninth) of the Evangelical Alliance is to be held at Florence in April, 1891.—In memory of the late Mr. Beresford Hope and the Rev. E. Coleridge, as founders of the St. Augustine's Missionary College, a reredos has been erected in the ancient Guesten Chapel of St. Augustine's, Canterbury.—The restoration of Peterborough Cathedral has now made such progress, that it is proposed to re-open the Nave in October.—An anonymous benefactor of the London City Mission has paid to the Treasurer 2,500*l.* towards the support of ten new missionaries in poor and neglected parts of London for five years. The total cost of these extra missionaries will be 5,000*l.*—The death, in his sixty-seventh year, is announced of the Rev. Joseph Toulson, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference.—By a majority of 50 to 30, the London County Council agreed to allow the National Sunday League to place a band on Hampstead Heath on Sundays. In the course of the discussion it was stated that the First Commissioner of Works has lately given the League permission to put a band in Greenwich Park, and in every other open space under his jurisdiction.



THE TURF.—Easter is always a busy time with racing men, to whom, therefore, the weather of the season is a matter of considerable importance. They are to be congratulated upon having had on the whole very propitious skies, although Easter Monday itself must of course be excepted. At Nottingham, last week, the sun shone brilliantly. The Spring Handicap fell to an extreme outsider in Jezreel, but on the whole favourites were fairly successful; Young Hermit, who won the Little John Plate, and Linthorpe, who secured the Portland Plate, being among their number. At Croydon, Tortoise won the Woodside Plate, while the Auction Two-Year-Old Plate fell to Royal Maid, and the Great "Welcomes" Handicap to Lady Rosebery. Mr. Abington, who owns the last named, seems likely to make up somewhat for his misfortunes in other walks of life by being exceptionally lucky on the turf this year. So he ought to be, however, when the magnitude of his stud is considered. Entrance-fees alone must swallow up something like the income of a Prime Minister. At Windsor on Saturday the principal event was the Round Tower Plate won by Queen of the Fairies for Mr. M. Gurry.

During the first two days of this week there were no fewer than six meetings of some importance. The Manchester Meeting, under G.N.H. Rules, was perhaps the chief. Royal Meath was made favourite for the Lancashire Handicap Steeplechase Plate, and looked like winning. He blundered, however, at the last fence, with the result that Ilex endorsed his Liverpool victory with another. Why Not was second, and Pan third. The Jubilee Handicap Hurdle Race fell to Benburb, and Ireland secured a Hunters' Steeplechase Plate. Minstrel won two races here, as did Leeds at Gosforth Park, and Velox and Gargoyle at Wolverhampton; where, however, the racing calls for no further comment. Clover won the Prix du Cadran on the second day of the Paris Meeting at Longchamps on Monday. He was trained by Tom Jennings, jun., and ridden by Watts.—Sentimental persons often bewail the fate of the broken-down racehorse. It occasionally happens, however, in the case of both horses and men, that the first downward step is not irretrievable. B Flat, who has won several races this season, was for a considerable time doing duty as a butcher-boy's hack.

FOOTBALL.—Matches between English and Scotch clubs are frequent at this time of year. We may mention the defeats of Vale of Leven by Burnley and Preston North End, the drawn games in which the meetings between Derby County and Battlefield and Black-

burn Rovers and Celtic respectively resulted, and the victory of Mid-Lanark over the Corinthians. But the match of the week, of course, was that between England and Scotland at Hampden Park, Glasgow. The attendance (estimated at 30,000) constitutes a "record," and a very fair game was witnessed, although, as is frequently the case, the backs on either side were superior to the forwards. The fact is that in these days of combination it is impossible for a scratch team to show such good form as it could do in the old selfish dribbling days. On this occasion the match resulted in a draw of one goal each. The final tie of the London Charity Cup witnessed a reversal of last month's play in the final tie of the London Cup. Then the Old Westminsters were successful, but on this occasion they failed to come up to expectation, and the Royal Arsenal won easily.—Rugbywise the Yorkshire Cup has gone to Huddersfield, who beat Wakefield Trinity in the final. Blackheath have had a good season, winning fifteen and losing only six of their matches. Major Marindin and Lord Kingsburgh met last week, and settled what they will decide in reference to the International dispute, but their judgment will not be made known yet awhile.

CRICKET.—At one time it looked as if the weather on Easter Monday would justify the nominal commencement of the season which is always assigned to that day. The weather changed, however, and the Colts of Nottingham and Gloucestershire had a chilling time of it in their matches with their respective county elevens. The best score was the 64 of R. W. Rice, a Cheltenham man, who made 40 in the same match last year. Both Dr. W. G. Grace and Attewell began the season well, the former by scoring 64, and the latter by capturing 24 wickets for 70 runs.—To turn to a warmer climate, Mr. Vernon's Eleven have now finished their highly successful tour in India. In all, thirteen matches were played, of which ten were won, two drawn, and one, that against the Parsees, lost. Of those who played regularly, Mr. Vernon himself did best, with an average of 34, but Mr. J. G. Walker, with 30, was not far behind. The bowling was only so-so, Messrs. Hornsby, Leatham, Gibson, and De Little being the best.

RACQUETS.—In 1875 Oxford won the double-handed match, but every year since then the Light Blues have been successful—the most remarkable run of success in the history of Inter-University contests. This year proved no exception to the rule, the Cambridge pair winning pretty easily. In the singles Oxford usually fare better. It is quite possible that Mr. E. L. Metcalf would have won for them this year had he not been handicapped by a weak wrist. As it was, Mr. P. Ashworth won for Cambridge by three games to two. He and Mr. W. C. Hedley afterwards won the Amateur Doubles Championship, beating Major Spens and Captain Cooper-Key in the final.

ROWING.—Perkins and Norvell met on the Tyne Championship Course on Saturday. The latter started well, but was interfered with by a steamer, an accident which enabled Perkins to win at his ease.—Up to the present O'Connor, who claims the Championship of the World, has failed to get on a match in Australia. He talks of returning to America in a few days.



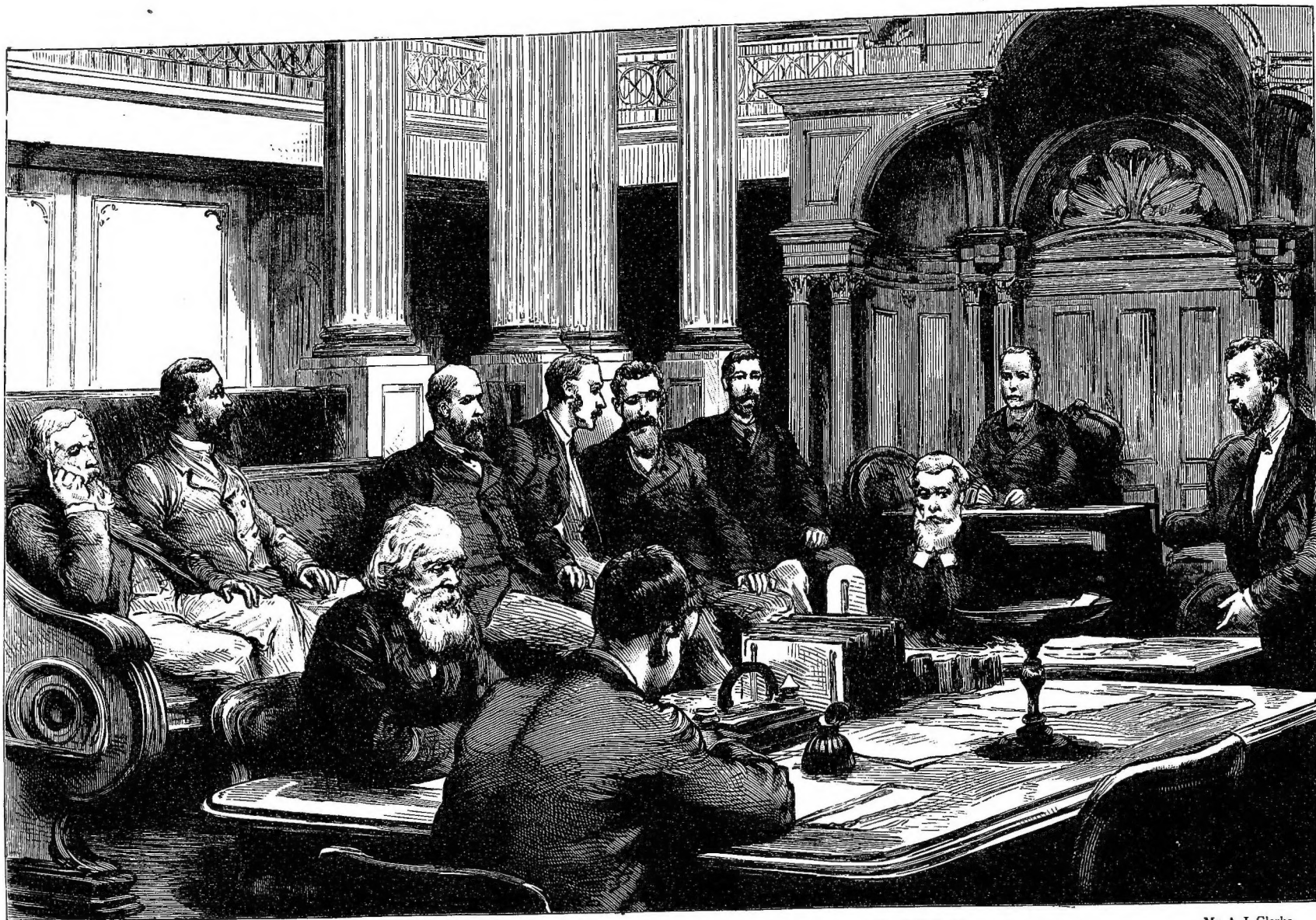
THE END OF THE CREWE TRAGEDY.—The intimation from the Home Secretary that of the two Crewe parricides, the younger, George Davies, alone was to be respited, while Richard was to be executed, was received with considerable surprise and regret in and out of the district where the crime was perpetrated. The jury's recommendation of both the prisoners to mercy was made expressly on the ground of their youth, and there was no very striking difference in the ages of the two brothers, George being more than sixteen, while Richard was just over eighteen. Greater sympathy, moreover, had been felt with the elder than with the younger brother; Richard, according to his mother's testimony in the witness-box, having been the son who strenuously and persistently intervened to protect her from her husband's violence. She and many others sent telegrams to the Queen at Aix-les-Bains, asking that Richard might be respited for a week to allow further inquiry. Among these telegrams was one from Mr. Farrell, the foreman of the jury, who asked for a few days' delay in order that the jury might send Her Majesty a report on the case, and he received from General Ponsonby the reply that his telegram had been "repeated" to the Home Secretary. Mr. Farrell also addressed a letter to the Home Secretary, declaring that in recommending the brothers to mercy, the jury were unanimous in the opinion that both were equally guilty, and that the recommendation should be carried out in the case of both or not at all. Innumerable protests against his decision were sent by telegraph and otherwise to Mr. Matthews. But the Home Secretary was inexorable, and Richard Davies was executed in Knutsford Gaol on Tuesday morning. A few minutes before his execution, he reiterated to the prison chaplain, and also in a farewell communication to his mother, his previous statement, that he never struck his father on the night of the murder, and never had the fatal axe in his hand.

A CASE involving a nice point of company-law, and of some general interest, has been adjudicated on by Mr. Justice Stirling. A company is in course of formation to be called Louis Tussaud and Co. (Limited), with the intention of starting, in Shaftesbury Avenue, a new waxwork exhibition. The Madame Tussaud and Sons Company (Limited), who own the well-known exhibition in the Marylebone Road, asked for an injunction to restrain the new company from using the name of Tussaud, on the ground that the public might otherwise be led to believe that the proposed new establishment was identical with the old one. Mr. Louis Tussaud, whose name is put forward by the new company, is a son of Mr. Tussaud, formerly an owner of the original wax-work, and he was employed in the latter as a modeller. He has been engaged for a term of years as the salaried manager of the new company. The judge granted the injunction asked for. If Mr. Louis Tussaud had started a new exhibition on his own account, and under his own name, he would, it seems, have been acting within his right. But the defendants were not entitled to give his name to a company of which he is merely a salaried servant. Sir Horace Davey, Q.C., led for the plaintiffs; and Mr. Graham, Q.C., for the defendants.

THE FIRST PROSECUTIONS of retail coal-dealers under the Weights and Measures Act of last year were brought in the Marylebone Police-Court against persons hawking in the streets of the St. Pancras district coal in sacks, which were supposed to contain hundred and half-hundred weights, but which were found by the Inspector to be short of those quantities by from 3*l* lb. to 5*l* lb. The magistrate inflicted small fines, but said that in future cases he would inflict the full penalty of 5*l.* The Act, it should be added be borne in mind, did not require proof that the offence was "wilfully" committed. It was sufficient to show that the deficiency existed.

THE SECRETARY OF THE MILLWALL BRANCH OF THE DOCK LABOURERS' UNION has been sentenced to two months' hard labour for assaulting a new hand employed at a local oil mill where there had been a strike for several weeks.





Sir J. Hall

Captain Russell

Sir Henry Parkes

Mr. McMillan

Dr. Cockburn

Mr. Thomas Playford

Mr. A. Deakin

Mr. G. H. Jenkins  
Secretary and Clerk of Houses of Parliament  
Mr. Duncan Gillies

Mr. A. I. Clarke

"IMPERIAL FEDERATION" IN AUSTRALIA—THE RECENT MEETING IN MELBOURNE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE VARIOUS COLONIES



THE TROUBLES IN CRETE—INSURGENTS IN A MOUNTAIN FASTNESS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE TURKISH TROOPS





DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

Enderby Court.

## "MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

### CHAPTER XXV.

THE chill of latter autumn was making itself felt in Westfield, and the fine clumps of trees in the park around Enderby Court wore as many tints as a painter's palette. The gardeners were daily busied in sweeping away the fallen leaves from lawn and drive and pathway; a faint white mist floated morning and evening over the low-lying grounds; sportsmen were active in covert and stubble; industrious housewives stood close to cottage windows to catch the last waning daylight for their knitting or darning, and remarked every afternoon that the days did draw in wonderful, surely; the glow behind the red curtains of the Enderby Arms looked tempting to slow-footed labourers, carrying home a heavy weight of mud on their shoe-soles from field and furrow; and Mr. Jackson's chronic trouble with his joints grew sharper.

All these symptoms of approaching winter were looked upon in Westfield as being a natural portion of that constitution of things whereof the memory of man ran not to the contrary. For if there were persons who remembered Mr. Jackson before his rheumatics had crippled him, yet there had always been in the remotest times some Goody or Gaffer rheumatic enough to keep up the charter of our climate and give occupation to Dr. Goodchild. The course of Nature, in fact, appeared likely to continue in those parts with an unvarying regularity which would have sufficed to make the villagers scoffingly sceptical of Darwinian theories of evolution—if they had ever happened to hear of them; and the close of that year of grace promised to bring nothing more unexpected than a rise in the price of coals, and a new baby at the Rectory.

And yet one morning tidings were rapidly spread through the village which seemed almost as startling to many there as though a small earthquake had shaken Westfield to its foundations. It was rumoured that Sir Lionel Enderby was dead—had died suddenly far away in a foreign country; and there was general curiosity and consternation.

In every dwelling for miles round—from the ale-house to the Rectory, from Lord Percy Humberstone's Elizabethan mansion to Goody Bloxham's Victorian model cottage—this news formed an engrossing topic of conversation.

Those Westfieldians who had any personal acquaintance with the servants at the Court assumed the airs of a privileged caste, and put down outsiders on points of detail as if they had been augurs in whose presence the profane vulgar had ventured to discuss the divination *ex cælo*. And beyond this select circle there were various degrees of dogmatic inaccuracy, reaching

even to that outer circumference where Giles Ploughman, with a slow shake of the head, mentioned to the other farm-servants assembled at supper, that he *had* heard 'twas mortal unhealthy abroad; and illustrated this position by the narrative of a brother of his own, who, being a wild young chap, and falling a prey to the seductions of the recruiting sergeant, had been sent "abroad," and was forthwith carried off by yellow fever, complicated with rum.

After the first shock, it appeared in various social discussions of the sad event that it was no more than had been very generally expected. For there were, it seemed, a great many persons in Westfield who had been quite sure of what would happen; only, from motives of delicacy, they had not assumed any offensive superiority over their less prescient neighbours by mentioning it beforehand.

Mr. Pinhorn's shop was one of the great centres of gossip on this occasion. Mrs. Jackson spoke authoritatively in the present crisis, as one who had lived ten years at the Court, and knew the ways of high families. And it turned out that she was among those far-seeing spirits who could have foretold just how things would be, but had been restrained by her constitutional objection to talking and prating.

"I should think Lady Charlotte might repent *now*," said Mrs. Jackson, in her thin, acid tones. She was seated on the one wooden chair in Mr. Pinhorn's shop, and addressed an audience composed of the grocer himself, Dr. Goodchild's cook, and one of the under-gardeners from Enderby Court.

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Pinhorn, glancing nervously at the gardener. "Of course my lady will be dreadfully cut up."

"She shouldn't have let him take such a journey, then! In my lady's time—I mean Lady Jane Enderby's—it would never have been thought of."

It may be stated that Lady Charlotte had gone away without causing any orders to be given for the alteration of the sink in Mrs. Jackson's kitchen; and Mrs. Jackson felt that this neglect restored to her the full liberty of general censure which imparted so much pungency to her conversation.

"Why, I've been told Sir Lionel was recommended to travel by the faculty," said Mr. Stokes, the under-gardener; a South countryman with a good-natured, surprised-looking face, and mild blue eyes.

"Ah! And it ain't always safe to go along with the faculty," returned Mrs. Jackson. "A person must keep their eyes open and judge for themselves. Not but what I always call in the doctor if anything ails me; and so does Jackson. We can afford to pay for

what we have, visits and physic and all. But I don't give up to 'em in everything. And I hold by my own opinion about blue pill."

"I'm sure master never ordered Sir Lionel abroad," put in Dr. Goodchild's cook. "But he says going abroad had nothing to do with it. I heard him telling missis that it was something—Annie something, he called it, of the heart—that was just as likely to have killed him in his own lib'ary at the Court as anywhere else. Master saw a letter from Lord Grimstock to Mr. Arden."

"Just as likely!" repeated Mrs. Jackson, with ineffable scorn. "Ah, it's easy talking. If it's and an's was pots and pans, there'd be no trade for tinkers. But we do know as Sir Lionel didn't die in his lib'ary; and did die pretty near as soon as he was took away from it. We do know that. And I like judging from facts myself, and not going by what was 'just as likely.'"

Mr. Stokes slowly rubbed his hand through his hair. He had a dim conviction that Mrs. Jackson was wrong somehow; but he felt her dialectics to be formidable. And he remarked afterwards in confidence to Mr. Pinhorn that Hannah Jackson was one of them women as would talk a horse's hind-leg off; but she didn't quite know everything, neyther.

"Dear, dear, dear," said Mr. Pinhorn with an air of general sympathy, "to think that we shall never see Sir Lionel among us again! It's just like when my lady was carried off so sudden in London. Do you think"—addressing Stokes in a lowered tone of voice—"that they'll bring the—body home?"

Mr. Stokes professed himself ignorant on the subject; but Mrs. Jackson's omniscience was no more at fault here than on any other point concerning the manners and customs of high families. And she declared it was a matter of course that Sir Lionel should be brought back and laid in the family vault alongside of my lady.

"And poor Miss Enderby! What a blow for her! Such an affectionate daughter! I don't know a sweeter young lady than Miss Enderby, let the other be where she will," said Mr. Pinhorn, with some genuine feeling. The cook and the under-gardener heartily coincided with him; and thus encouraged by public opinion, Mr. Pinhorn went on.

"Ah! Her and her friend, poor Miss Lucy Marston, what a sweet young pair they made! Poor Miss Lucy Marston! I don't know that I ever saw prettier eyes than hers, nor a gracefuller figure. And then such a lively way with her!"

"She were like a moss-rose with the dew on it, were Miss Lucy," chimed in the under-gardener.

"She'll feel it dreadful, when she comes to hear of it," pursued Mr. Pinhorn. "She was as much attached to the family at the Court,



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as though she belonged to it. And so she did, in a way. For ever since she was that high—"

But here Mrs. Jackson felt it necessary to interpose with a firm protest.

"Well, I don't know what you may think of it, Mr. Pinhorn," she said, standing up and folding her hands tightly on the flap-basket she carried; "but I consider it almost indecent to be running on in that way about eyes and figures when the family's in such deep affliction. And I can tell you one thing: Lady Charlotte wouldn't be best pleased to hear her niece Miss Enderby, of Enderby Court, evened to a fondling like that there Lucy Smith; for Smith her name is, if she's got a name at all. And she'd been misbehaving some way or another, or else she'd never ha' been sent off from the Court all of a hurry, the way she was, and no reason given. You can't suppose but what folks 'll tell fast enough if there's anything to be proud of; that you never *can* suppose, Mr. Pinhorn! So when folks are so mighty close and stand-offish, you're at liberty to think bad of 'em."

"I should call it a very harsh-minded person that thought bad of Miss Lucy without better cause than that," returned Mr. Pinhorn, with some spirit. He was fortified by the evident sympathy of Mr. Stokes. And he did not at all like being lectured in the presence of Dr. Goodchild's cook.

"Oh, harsh-minded—! You can't be soft enough to please all the softys. And Mr. Shard, that's Mr. Marston's own wife's sister's husband, he said *he'd* done all he could for the girl, as was that stubborn she heeded neither bit nor bridle. And I could see for myself there was a uppishness about her as didn't bode no good. And he'd washed his hands of her, that's what Lawyer Shard said."

"Well," said Mr. Stokes, in his slow, South-country speech, "by what I can hear, Lawyer Shard's hands won't be none the worse of a little washing!"

And the under-gardener lounged out of the shop, conscious of having scored one against the terrible Mrs. Jackson.

Thus the news was canvassed throughout Westfield; and nearly everywhere Sir Lionel was spoken of with a kindly regret. He had not exercised any active influence among them like Lady Jane; but he had borne his honours meekly. He had oppressed no man; he had dispensed liberal charities; and he had lived chiefly on his own estate.

"He was a thoroughly kind-hearted man. He had his weaknesses. But, Lord bless me, so have we all! So have we all! *Humanum est errare*," said Dr. Goodchild, in the tone of a man conscious of making a handsome admission than could have been justly expected of him.

"It was a great shock to me," said the Rector. "Mrs. Griffiths had a telegram from Lord Grimstock just as he was starting for Italy. She sent up a man on horseback to me with it. I fell back in my chair when I read it. It came to me like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky. I suppose you were as much taken by surprise as any of us, doctor?"

Dr. Goodchild pursed up his mouth, and nodded his head twice or thrice with a slight frown. "I had my own views of the case," said he, mysteriously. "But there are circumstances in which it is well—in fact, essential—to keep the patient in ignorance of his real state. Sir Lionel had a fixed idea that he was dyspeptic. And I know that Brimblecombe—Bromley Brimblecombe, the great specialist—treated him at one time for dyspepsia. But, as to being surprised, my dear sir, I had my own views of the case. And if any person had asked me whether I thought Sir Lionel Enderby likely to die of aneurism of the heart, I might not have chosen to give that person my opinion, but I know ve—ery well what it would have been."

Poor Sir Lionel's body was brought home, as Mrs. Jackson had foretold, and placed beside his wife's in Westfield Churchyard. And Lord Grimstock, who had accompanied his brother-in-law's remains on that last grisly journey, appeared as chief mourner at the funeral. The Earl made a good impression on all who saw him there; and the assembly was a very large one, including a great number of the neighbouring gentry, as well as all the tenantry and inhabitants of Westfield who could possibly manage to be present. Good Mrs. Griffiths declared that the sight of his lordship had upset her more than anything else, for he did remind her so of her late dear lady. And the likeness between him and Lady Jane was generally observed. He was, personally, almost a stranger to Westfield; but it appeared that he was acquainted with several matters concerning the village which it behoved him to know. For instance, he took an early opportunity of setting the Rector's mind at rest with regard to sundry poor pensioners who had been mainly supported by the bounty of Enderby Court. And, in fact, he informed Mr. Arden that ample provision would be made for carrying on all the charities established by his late sister and her husband.

Within a short time it was generally known that the bulk of Sir Lionel's large wealth was left to Miss Enderby; and that her uncle, Lord Grimstock, had been appointed Mildred's guardian and trustee. It was understood, also, that Sir Lionel had several times expressed a wish that Lady Charlotte would continue to live with her niece, and fill a mother's place towards her; but that a very munificent bequest to her ladyship had been hampered by no conditions. All the old servants had been remembered, and there were liberal bequests to all the charitable institutions of the county.

There had been some anxiety in the village to know whether my lady and Miss Enderby would come back to the Court at once. Westfield was of opinion that that would be the proper course to take. Where else could the ladies be so comfortable and quiet as in their own home? And it was well known that Miss Enderby loved the country. But the question was not settled in accordance with the opinion of Westfield. Lord Grimstock, in talking to Mr. Arden, mentioned that his sister and niece would spend the winter in Italy. It was thought desirable for Mildred to remain in the South—not in Rome, where this great affliction had befallen her—but in some sunny, sheltered spot on the Riviera. She had felt the shock of her father's sudden death very severely, and the doctors did not advise her immediate return to England in that wintry season.

Mr. Shard had contrived, on some pretext of business, to obtain access to Lord Grimstock during the few hours he remained at Enderby Court on the morning after the funeral. He ventured to inquire what were his lordship's commands as to this and that matter. Lady Charlotte had been good enough to approve of what he had done. He had had the honour of keeping her ladyship informed, by letter, of what was going on. Her ladyship had manifested a confidence in his judgment, which he humbly hoped Lord Grimstock might see fit to continue.

"I should have thought, sir, that it was more necessary to keep Sir Lionel Enderby informed as to his own property than my sister," remarked Lord Grimstock, looking with considerable distaste at the man before him.

Mr. Shard had assumed a manner for the occasion, compounded of business-like alacrity and sorrowing sympathy. And as he stood there, rubbing his hands, bowing after each sentence, and every now and then raising his voice to a plaintive squeak, it must be owned that Mr. Shard did not appear to advantage. So little was Lord Grimstock prepossessed in his favour, that he had not asked him to sit down, but had risen himself, and stood leaning against the mantel-piece; hoping, in this way, to cut the colloquy short.

"Oh, as to Sir Lionel," answered Mr. Shard, "tacking" with instantaneous readiness, and putting on the bluff air of an old family retainer, whose attachment has been too well tested to need assertion, "it isn't since yesterday, my lord, that I have had the

privilege of knowing and serving my late lamented patron. I have lived in Westfield a good many years now, my lord. But Lady Charlotte was kind enough, latterly, to take a good deal of trouble off Sir Lionel's shoulders. He was never strong, and minor details worried him."

Here Mr. Shard relapsed into affliction, and blew his nose in a manner to suggest that he was almost tearful.

"I presume, sir," said Lord Grimstock, "that you can, for the present, refer all matters as to which you are in doubt to Mr. Bates, the steward?"

"If such is your lordship's pleasure—undoubtedly," answered Mr. Shard, swallowing his mortification with considerable power of self-command. "Mr. Bates has not treated me exactly—has shown some jealousy—but far be it from me to intrude my personal feelings at a moment like this. By and by, Lady Charlotte may feel herself able to lay my case before your lordship. Meanwhile I will do my best to keep things going smoothly. I have the interests of the family more at heart—naturally after all these years!—than any private pique or annoyance of my own."

Lord Grimstock hesitated a second. The man spoke fairly, and, after all, he reflected, he (Lord Grimstock) knew nothing against him.

"Thank you," he said, more graciously than he had spoken yet. "I shall be obliged to you."

Mr. Shard bowed low, and rewarded his lordship by taking his leave without further parley. At the door he paused and turned.

"Might I venture," he said, humbly, "to ask how Miss Enderby is? She is adored by every one in the village, high and low alike; but I may, perhaps, be allowed to claim some special interest in her, from her having been the playfellow from infancy of my niece."

Mr. Shard had rapidly calculated that it might be worth while to have a second string to his bow. Hostility to Lucy was needful to please my lady; but it did not follow that it was equally sure to please my lord. And it might even happen that Miss Enderby should now choose to hold out and have Lucy re-instated.

"Miss Enderby was greatly prostrated by the shock at first," answered Lord Grimstock, once more freezing into stiffness. "But we are under no serious apprehensions about her."

And when the door was closed behind his visitor he said to himself, "Well, if Mildred's bosom friend is the niece of that fellow, I don't wonder at Charlotte's anxiety to break off the connection. How in the world could poor dear Jane have taken a fancy to any one belonging to him!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

ALTHOUGH Lord Grimstock had not thought himself called upon to enter into such particulars with Mr. Shard, yet there had been a moment when he and Lady Charlotte had felt no little apprehension about their niece's health. Mildred had been with her father at the moment of his death, and the shock of its suddenness had been terribly severe.

All had been going so well up to that fatal day. Sir Lionel had been pleased with his journey; had enjoyed Switzerland and the Italian lakes; and had been in particularly good spirits ever since their arrival in Rome, where he had established himself for the winter in a patrician palace. He had brought letters of introduction from Dr. Lux and others, to members of various foreign learned societies in Rome, where the descendants of those barbarians who helped to destroy it expend a vast amount of erudition in elucidating its ruins, and an equal amount of energy in defending their own elucidations and attacking other people's. Sir Lionel, however, had none of that *odium archaeologicum* which strikes an outsider with surprise such as the poet hints it is natural to feel touching the ire of celestial souls. His urbanity was unruffled by rival claims on his belief; and the shallowness of his learning enabled him even to accept conflicting theories without knowing it!

He had just returned one afternoon from a drive in the Campagna, in company with a learned gentleman, who, having worked out an elaborate plan of Roman topography in Bonn, was naturally unwilling to have it disturbed by a too close examination of existing fragments in Rome; and who, consequently, spent the greater part of his time in visiting the objects of interest outside the walls of the Eternal City.

This gentleman was an accomplished scholar, and amiable companion (for such persons as held no obstinate theories of Roman topography); and Sir Lionel had enjoyed his drive. He had just declared, in answer to his daughter's inquiry, that he felt no disagreeable amount of fatigue from having climbed the long marble staircase leading to his apartment, when he fell back fainting in his chair, and never recovered consciousness.

Lady Charlotte's position was one of terrible anxiety. A telegram was, of course, immediately despatched to her brother. But, let him hasten as he would, three days must elapse before he could possibly reach Rome. And, meanwhile, a vast number of painful formalities had to be complied with—especially since it was known to have been Sir Lionel's wish to be interred beside his wife in Westfield. Immense difficulties, of an official kind, lay in the way of carrying out this wish; for it is a great error to suppose that Red Tape is a peculiarly English institution. And, indeed, it may perhaps be laid down as a general observation, that the emptiest parcels are everywhere tied up with the most elaborate involutions of it.

Lady Charlotte declared afterwards to her brother that she did not know how she should have got through those terrible days between Sir Lionel's death and his (Lord Grimstock's) arrival, if it had not been for Richard Avon. Richard had devoted himself to her, and had managed everything. And it had been, Lady Charlotte considered, absolutely providential that Richard should have arrived as he did from Brindisi in time to help them at their need.

"Which Avon is that?" asked Lord Grimstock.

"Your namesake our cousin Reginald's son. He had two sons, you know; but the eldest died. That was altogether a sad business. It made me feel an old woman when a bronzed creature, with a beard, presented himself before me as 'little Dick Avon.' I remember him as a child at Avonthorpe. He has the Gaunt eyes, like Mildred's."

In old days, when they were boy and girl together, Reginald Avon had been very much in love with his beautiful cousin, Charlotte Gaunt. Neither her inclination nor her ambition allowed her to think for a moment of marrying Reg, who was heir to an impoverished estate and one of the most ancient names in the kingdom. But yet her cousinly regard for him was certainly all the more tender for that young romance. And after his marriage, Charlotte was the one of Lord Grimstock's children who maintained the closest friendship and intimacy with the Avons of Avonthorpe.

They were a numerous family. Two sons and five daughters were born in the old house, and for some years Avonthorpe was a pleasant home, full of mirth and laughter, and bright young faces. But then came troubles—troubles so crushing as to break Mr. Avon's heart, and shorten his days. His elder son contracted such heavy debts at the University as seriously crippled his father's means to discharge them. But worse remained behind. The young man continued to run a course of extravagance and dissipation which ruined his own health, and almost ruined the family fortunes. Cedric Avon died in his twenty-sixth year, and judicious friends said to each other that he had lived five years too long.

But his own family neither said nor thought so; to the last he was the idol of his mother and sisters. And even his father, although outwardly more stern, clung to the prodigal with a softer affection than he had ever bestowed on Dick.

Dick was the fourth in order of seniority (two sisters coming between him and Cedric), and had never been of much account with any of them. Dick had grown up in the belief that the world was made chiefly for Cedric, and that any enjoyments or indulgences vouchsafed to himself were due to the kind liberality of his elder brother, who shared with him—whatever he did not want wholly for himself.

And the brothers were good friends, so far as the difference of age between them permitted. Cedric went to Christ Church, while Richard was still in a lower form at Eton. But after Cedric's first year at the University it was found impossible to continue the expense of keeping the younger boy at Eton. He was brought home, and arrangements were made for his reading with the old home, and arrangements were made for his reading with the old bachelor-curate of the parish—from whom he learned, perhaps, more about fly-fishing than any other distinct branch of mundane knowledge.

But, looking on the little world around him with honest, kindly eyes, Dick learned a good many things for himself.

One result of his observations was that he relinquished all hope of going to the University, or of being substantially assisted with money from home, to make his way in any career whatever. There had been a talk at one time of getting him attached to some foreign Legation, with the view of his entering diplomacy as a profession. When he was a small boy, the Navy had been thought of; and, when he had become a big boy, the Army. But no practical step had been taken in either of these directions.

Dick felt no special vocation for any of them; but he would, probably, have accepted his fate and done his best in whatever line of life his parents had chosen for him had things gone smoothly from the beginning. Things had gone very roughly, however—very roughly, for father, mother, and sisters at least—although, perhaps, with fatal smoothness for the scapegrace who was slipping with ever-increasing velocity along the downward slope to ruin. Dick saw one by one the luxuries and elegancies of their home curtailed—the girls' saddle-horses sold, his mother's carriage put down, the staff of servants reduced, and he resolved that for him no such sacrifices should be made. He would not, knowingly, make his mother's pale cheek more haggard, nor bow his father's shoulders with an added weight of care.

He thought long and earnestly how he could best find bread for himself in the world, and one day he gravely proposed to his father to let him emigrate to Australia.

"Emigrate!" said Mr. Avon, turning his eyes with a dazed, absent look on his son.

"It needn't cost much, sir," said Dick, simply. "A moderate outfit, and a few pounds in my pocket, just so as to be able to turn round for a week or two after I land."

"Why, what—what could you do?" asked his father, in the nervous, hesitating way which had grown on him of late.

"I can walk all day without being tired, sir; I can jump up to my own eyebrows standing; I'm a fairish shot; I can stick on to anything with four legs that I ever saw yet—although, of course, I haven't such a seat as Cedric's; and—and I have a magnificent appetite," added the boy, with a smile, which irradiated his face, and was almost irresistibly infectious.

Mr. Avon, however, did not smile. He continued to look dreamily at his son; and said, in a low voice, "What would your mother say?"

"Oh, mother wouldn't mind, sir; it would be so much better for Cedric, and all of you. You see, father," went on Richard, with simple earnestness, "it's not a bit of use my staying here and eating my head off. You have so many expenses. I'm too old for the navy. The army would swallow up a lot of money for coaching and cramming, and, even if I was lucky enough to pass, I'm afraid I couldn't live on my pay. In fact, do what I would in England, I should have to cost you something. Out in the bush it would be different; and—in fact, sir, Mr. Hopkins has a relative, a sheep farmer, in a large way out in Victoria, and he thinks he might help me to a berth."

Mr. Hopkins was the curate.

As Reginald Avon listened to his younger son, a mist seemed suddenly to be cleared away from his mind, and he saw the irrevocable past with a clear vision.

"Dick, Dick," groaned the father, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder, and turning away his head. "It's hard upon you. It's cruelly hard upon you, Dick!"

But the end of it was that Dick went to Australia.

It is not needful to describe minutely what befell him there. He had a tough struggle for the first two years, during which time, although the magnificent appetite of which he had jestingly boasted was never absolutely unsatisfied, yet it may be said that of the comforts (not to speak of the luxuries) of life, Richard Avon had but few and far between glimpses. At the end of two years he was beginning to do fairly well, and sober people prophesied that if he remained ten or fifteen years more in the colony he might realise a fair competency. But it was not in the decrees of fate that an Avon of Avonthorpe should found a family out in the new world—at least not in that generation.

Cedric Avon died in his twenty-sixth year, as has been stated, and five years later his father followed him, a prematurely aged, broken man, and then it behoved Dick to return and take possession of the old home and the poor remnant of the family property.

Mrs. Avon in her first letters had urged his immediate return. She was lost, helpless, miserable. He must come back at once, and take care of her and the girls. She wrote as though it had been possible for her son to settle all his affairs in five minutes, and start for England at any hour of the day, and on any day of the month.

Mrs. Avon was a woman of whom her acquaintances admiringly remarked that she had such a truly feminine, clinging nature, and peculiarly needed the masculine support of husband, son, or brother. The truth was that she had a sort of feeble obstinacy which was very difficult to deal with. She was unyieldingly bent on getting her own way beforehand, but easily alarmed at the consequences of having got it; and her masculine "supports" were chiefly needed to carry the responsibility of her impulsive self-will.

Richard had replied, assuring his mother that he would do his utmost to wind up his business affairs and dispose of his property promptly; but that he did not anticipate that could be done under six months. He was perfectly aware that there was no pressing necessity for his instant return, and he knew that the family circumstances must be such as to make it most important that he should realise his small Australian property to the best advantage.

When he arrived at Brindisi on his homeward voyage he found a letter from his mother at the Poste Restante. Mrs. Avon had let the shooting at Avonthorpe, shut up the house, and betaken herself to Cheltenham with her daughters for the rest of the winter. She hoped Richard would join them there by and by, but she had made arrangements which would prevent the family from occupying their old home again until the spring.

"I think mother half repents having asked me to come home in such a hurry," said Dick to himself, on reading this epistle. "Perhaps she's afraid I may be bringing a wife to Avonthorpe, and turn her and the poor girls out to live on her miserable little jointure. But she shouldn't have let the shooting and shut up the house without consulting me. I must be master there now I've given up everything out yonder. I'll do the best I can for my mother and the girls, poor things! but I can't be at Avonthorpe and not be master."

Dick, with his resolute manly face, and frank blue eye, looked



very well fitted to play the master. He had gone away from his home a stripling under eighteen. He was returning to it a man of six-and-twenty. The eight years had made little change in some of those whom he had left behind; but for him they had been years of growth and ripening.

His mother's letter at all events absolved him from any obligation to hasten his journey; and he resolved, being there, to see something of Italy—especially since he foresaw that he was not likely soon to have money and leisure to revisit it. He had spent a week in Naples, and was intending to devote a fortnight to seeing Rome, where chance brought him into contact with the Enderbys. Lady Charlotte gave him so cordial a reception as touched him greatly. Dick Avon had not lost his relish for sweet words and kind looks by being surfeited with them. And Lady Charlotte was very sweet to him, with an almost maternal softness; and very much interested in hearing all that he could tell her of the family fortunes. Dick was perfectly frank and confidential with her. He had nothing to conceal. And, besides, was not Aunt Charlotte—as he had learned to call her in his childhood—his near kinswoman?

Lady Charlotte, for her part, was not able to be quite so frank; for she could not confide to him her real opinion of Mrs. Avon, who had never been included in the regard with which she clung to her cousin. Indeed her ladyship had always privately wondered what in the world Reg could have seen in that insipid little woman; as other ladies and gentlemen have wondered before and since respecting the matrimonial choice of their old sweethearts.

To Sir Lionel Lady Charlotte was not reticent on the subject of Mrs. Avon's selfishness and the weak indulgence and blind idolatry which had caused her to sacrifice Richard's interests entirely to his brother's.

"And now the silly, selfish little thing shuts up his house and rushes off to some watering-place at the very moment of his return to England! She doesn't deserve to bear the name of Avon. Do you know, Lionel, that there have been Avons at Avonthorpe in a right line from father to son, since the Heptarchy?"

Whether Sir Lionel, whose grandfather had trundled a barrow, attached quite the due importance to this circumstance may be doubted. But at any rate he took a great liking to Dick Avon, and made him welcome in the Palazzo Curiuzzi with genial courtesy. As to Mildred, she made friends with him in five minutes; and they called each other "cousin" as though they had known each other all their lives. And thus it had come pass that Lady Charlotte told her brother she did not know how she should have lived through those terrible days had it not been for Dick Avon.

Mildred fell into a state of alarming prostration after her father's death. Her whole nature, physical and moral, seemed as it were to be stunned. She lay apathetically on her couch or chair all day long, and could not be roused to express a wish, except that they would let her be quiet, and not talk to her. Lady Charlotte remembered her sister's anxieties about Mildred in her childhood—anxieties which she had then thought overstrained, but which she now was feeling keenly. The girl's vitality seemed to be at a perilously low ebb. She was to be removed from Rome as soon as possible; and the physicians advised that she should remain on the Riviera until the spring was well advanced. And here, again, Richard was most useful. He helped to make all arrangements for lightening the fatigues and discomforts of the journey; and even accompanied them to Bordighera.

Before they parted, Mildred had confided a mission to him. Richard was to see Lord Grimstock in England, and to ask him if Mildred might be allowed to have Lucy with her for a time when she returned home.

"I cannot talk of it to Aunt Charlotte now," Mildred said, in a faint, toneless voice. "Aunt Charlotte and Lucy never understood each other. And, besides, I do not want to pain Aunt Charlotte now. She has trouble and anxiety enough with me as it is. And I can never forget how good she was to my dear father, and how highly he regarded her. But, Cousin Dick, if I could have the hope of seeing Lucy again, I would be quite patient. And that would help me to get strong again sooner than anything. I know it would!"

Cousin Dick undertook the mission to Lord Grimstock. And he fancied that there was a brighter gleam in Mildred's eyes already at the thought of it.

(To be continued)

### THE LEICESTERSHIRE COVERS, 1820

WRITING some time before the introduction of railroads had brought the delights of hunting within easier access, "Nimrod" comments upon the luxurious ease with which the crack sportsman of his generation was conveyed to the field, "either lolling in his chaise-and-four or galloping along, at the rate of twenty miles an hour, on a hundred guinea hack. In no place upon the earth is the condition of hunters attended to with so much care, or managed with such skill, as in the renowned metropolis of the fox-hunting world."

Melton Mowbray, at the time Apperley was chronicling the achievements of fox-hunting, generally contained two or three hundred hunters in the care of the most experienced grooms England could produce, and the writer gives a picture of hunting establishments as conducted in his day, "the average number being ten hunters to each sportsman residing there, although some of those who ride heavy and rejoice in long purses have from fourteen to twenty for their own use. In Leicestershire the universal practice is for each sportsman to have at least two hunters in the field on the same day—a practice found to be economical, as it is from exhaustion, the effect of long-continued severe work, that the health of horses is most injured. And when it is also borne in mind that hounds are to be reached from Melton, Leicester, &c., every day in the week; that one horse out of six in every man's stud is, upon an average, lame, or otherwise unfit for work; and that a horse should always have five days' rest after a moderate, and at least seven or eight after a severe, run with hounds, it will not be surprising that ten to twelve hunters should be deemed an indispensable stud for a regular Leicestershire sportsman."

During the period between the mastership, at the conclusion of the last century, of "the great" Hugo Meynell, whose kennels and stables at Quorndon Hall were the head-quarters of the hunt, and Mr. Errington's later tenure of office, the Quorn Hounds passed through the hands of the following conspicuous sportsmen:—Earl Sefton, Lord Foley, Mr. Thomas Assheton Smith, Sir Bellingham Graham, "Squire" Osbaldeston, Lord Southampton, Sir Harry Goodricke, and Sir Francis Holyoake Goodricke.

Lord Forester and Lord Delamere, who in their younger days hunted with Mr. Meynell, founded the old Club House at Melton, which was restricted to four members, due to the limited accommodation. To this club in succession belonged the Hon. George Germain, Lords Alvanley, Brudenell, and Huntingfield, the Hon. Berkeley Craven, Sir Robert Leighton, Sir James Musgrave, Messrs. Meyler, Brommell, Vansittart, Thomas Assheton Smith, Lindow, Langston, Maxse, Maher, Moore, and a subsequent Lord Forester, at the time Apperley described Melton Mowbray.

At the same period four packs of hounds divided the far-famed county of Leicestershire—namely, Mr. Forester's, formerly the Duke of Rutland's; the Earl of Lonsdale's; the Atherton's, successively held by the Earl of Lichfield, Sir John Gerrard, and Mr. Applewhite; and the Quorn, already described, the head-quarters of which were

removed by Sir Harry Goodricke from Quorndon Hall to a kennel at Thrusington, half-way between Melton and Leicester.

"The town of Melton," wrote "Nimrod," sixty years back, "furnishes an interesting scene on each hunting morning. At rather an early hour are to be seen groups of hunters, the finest in the world, setting out in different directions to meet different packs of hounds. Each sportsman sends forward two hunters. One is mounted by a light lad, who returns home on his master's cover hack, or in the dickey of his carriage, if he has happened to be carried to cover in the more luxurious fashion; on the other hunter is the "second horseman."

Concerning the Quorn establishment about the time Alken depicted the "Leicestershire Covers," 1824, the stable of the "Master" usually furnished forty efficient hunters, and from sixty to one hundred couples of hounds. "Mr. Osbaldeston, during his occupation of the country, had a still larger kennel, and no wonder, for it was his custom to turn out every day in the week, weather permitting; and, after Christmas, as the days increased in length, he had often two packs out on the same day, a circumstance before unheard of."

"Let us suppose ourselves at Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, with Mr. Osbaldeston's hounds in the year 1826, when that pack was at the height of its well-merited celebrity. Let us also indulge ourselves with a fine morning in the first week of February, and at least two hundred well-mounted men by the cover's side. Time being called—say, a quarter-past eleven, nearly our great-grandfathers' dinner hour—the hounds approach the furze-brake, or the gorse, as it is called in that region. 'Hark in, hark in!' with a slight cheer, and perhaps one wave of his cap, says Mr. Osbaldeston, who long hunted his own pack, and the next instant he has not a hound at his horse's heels." Such a scene is pictured in Henry Alken's first plate, "The Meet." The panoramic arrangement of country forming the background of this spirited series has claims to local fidelity; for instance, "the meeting" is described as representing Childer's Inn, Kirby Toll Gate, Melton Mowbray. The covers where the fox is found are presumably those of Billesdon Coplow, with the surroundings, Gally, Houghton, Heyham, Hungerford, &c. "Full Cry" carries the spectator to Whissendine pasture, with Freely Wood, Buckminster, and Wymondham, as distant accessories of the prospect. "Full Cry" introduces the Whissendine, which, after rain, requires a good water-jumper to negotiate. The last act ends with "The Death," without which no chase would be complete. Here is the huntsman, Jack Stevens, in his glory, the "crown of fox-hunting." Squire Osbaldeston's "Who hoop" carries far, and every man present is in raptures over the run. "Just ten miles, as the crow flies, in one hour and two minutes, with but two trifling checks, over the finest country in the world. What superb hounds are these!" Meanwhile some of the field come up, who could not live in the "first flight," narrowed down to a select few aspiring riders.

The scene of "The Kill" is laid at Kettleby, the surrounding prospects being Great Hane Close, Kettleby Church, the road to Melton, and Billesdon Coplow.

J. G.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

It would not be kind to speak so severely of a little book of poems, "Verses for Song" (Remington), by Miss Adela Wilkins, as if their intent had been purely literary. Palpably, however, they are meant to give joy in harmonious vocal utterance with instrumental accompaniment, rather than to the mere hard and dry reader. There are not many of these "Verses of Song," and some of them are by no means unpleasing. Miss Wilkins will, we trust, not think us ill-judging if we quote the first of the two stanzas in "The Maid I Love" as a specimen of her work:—

The quaint little maiden who hath so distracted me,  
I'll tell thee the wherefore and why she attracted me;  
In good sooth do her golden locks rival the sun,  
Her eyes dance right merrily, beaming with fun  
But 'twas sitting demurely intent on her stitchery,  
She bound me "for ever and aye" by her witchery.

A book full of devotional and gentle thought is Mr. A. Johnson-Brown's "Rejected of Man, and Other Poems" (Sampson Low). The more sacred poems are in blank verse, and the author uses this medium of poetic expression with no small dignity and fluency, and we can well understand that not only the composition which gives it title to the volume, but others of the same type, will afford pleasure to many worthy people. One poem, entitled "An Upland Daisy," may gratify the taste and sentiment of even a larger public. Says this daisy:—

I know that somewhere Spring has come  
That, in the vales below,  
Through laughing meadows, glad with song,  
The babbling waters flow,  
And here upon the wintry world,  
My heart begins to glow

I know that somewhere shines the sun,  
Where meadows flush to gold,  
And o'er them in the shining sky,  
White clouds his minstrels hold,  
And my life here is singing now  
And flushing on the world.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles has edited for Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. "The New Temperance Reciter," and he has gathered into one volume a number of pieces of literary excellence suitable for recitation on Temperance platforms. Among these we may mention Mr. Robert Buchanan's "Nell" and "Abu Midjan," by Dr. George MacDonald.



THE CARL ROSA COMPANY.—On Saturday last, for the first time these three years, that is to say, since the spring of 1887, the Carl Rosa Company commenced a season of opera in English at Drury Lane. Although many stirring events, not the least of which is the death of the founder of the enterprise, have happened since the troupe last visited us, the general policy adopted as to its management remains the same as in the time of the late Carl Rosa himself. No opera is placed upon the stage without full and adequate rehearsal, the various members of the company, accustomed to appear together all the year round, play well into each other's hands, the chorus, contrary to the usual experience in opera, act intelligently as well as sing correctly, the co-operation of star vocalists is discountenanced, and every effort is made to attain as nearly as possible to perfection in detail. These points, despite some minor defects, were observable in the performance, given on Saturday night, of Mr. Farnie's English version of M. Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The representation was, in fact, remarkable for the excellence of the ensemble rather than for any striking merit shown by individual artists. A special word of praise is, however, due to Miss Zélie de Lussan, who, although hardly the Juliet of tradition, gave a highly intelligent rendering of the part of the heroine, which, it need hardly be said, as drawn by the French librettists, MM. Barbier

and Carré, differs considerably from the Juliet of Shakespeare. The high notes of Miss de Lussan's voice seem rather weak, and the lady has to guard against an indulgence in the tremolo. Both she and Mr. Barton McGuckin, the Romeo, were at their best in the balcony scene, and in the delicious "nightingale" duet in Juliet's chamber, Mr. McGuckin also eliciting well-deserved applause for the part he played in the duel scene with Tybalt, which forms the finale to the third act. Mr. Celli was a manly, if a hoarse, Mercutio, Mr. Abramoff a dignified Friar Lawrence, and Mr. John Child a somewhat tame representative of the fiery Tybalt.

On Monday two performances were given. In the afternoon Balfe's *Bohemian Girl* was mounted, the familiar music being sung by Miss Fanny Moody, a sweet-voiced Arline; Mr. Celli, as the Count; Mr. John Child, as Thaddeus; Madame Tremelli, as the Queen; and Mr. Aynsley Cook, in his old part of Devilshoof. New costumes had been provided, doubtless with a view to the performance in the provinces. On Monday night *Carmen* was given with a strong cast, which included Mr. Barton McGuckin, in his favourite part of José; Miss de Lussan, as Carmen, a character in which she originally made her debut in this country two years ago; Miss Fabris as Michaela; and Mr. Crotty as the Toreador. In Bizet's opera Mr. McGuckin and Miss de Lussan were heard at their best, while, on the other hand, Miss Fabris was suffering from a cold, and the music of Escamillo lies too low for the voice of Mr. Crotty, who, moreover, spoilt the Toreador's song by dragging the tempo.

On Tuesday *Faust* was given, for the *réentrée* of Madame Burns, whose impersonation of the part of Marguerite was by far the best feature of the representation. The Siebel was Miss Lucille Saunders, a well-known concert singer, though a stage debutante. The young lady was nervous, but she probably would have attained greater success if she had permitted the conductor to take her two songs at the proper pace. On Wednesday *Romeo and Juliet* was announced for repetition, and on Thursday *Mignon* was to be given.

MR. F. LAMOND.—The Symphony in A by the young Scottish composer, Mr. Frederic Lamond, written last year, and produced on December 23rd at Glasgow, was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. Unfortunately Easter Eve is not a favourite day for concerts, and the audience was consequently very small. The symphony is a highly promising work for a young man who is only just one-and-twenty, and it affords many indications that the Scottish composer possesses a good deal of originality of thought as well as sound musicianship. That the symphony is free from reminiscences it was of course hardly fair to expect, the first movement being, in fact, more or less influenced by Schubert, and the second by Beethoven. In the slow movement, and, again, in the finale, there are traces of the characteristics of Scottish music; but the scherzo will probably prove to be the favourite movement of the four. Mr. Lamond must be especially congratulated upon keeping clear from slavish imitation of Wagner—a fault to which many youthful composers of the present day are very prone. Mr. Lamond likewise came forward as a pianist, and gave a brilliant rendering of M. Saint-Saëns' not very interesting Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, No. 4; and succeeded even better in two pieces from his former teacher, Franz Liszt's Sketches, *Venezia a Napoli*. Miss Margaret Davies, of the Royal College of Music, gave a graceful rendering of the exquisitely beautiful little Romance in F minor from Schubert's *Rosamunde* music; and Miss Grace Damian sang two songs by M. Gounod, neither of them altogether suitable for a classical concert.

CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—The annual Easter Musical Festival has been given at the Great Assembly Rooms, Mile End, where, except on Saturday, when a miscellaneous selection was offered in place of an oratorio, upwards of 4,000 people have assembled every night. On Good Friday the *Messiah* was given with a band and chorus of about 200 performers, under Mr. Day Winter, and with Misses Leighton, Rees, Messrs. Ravenhill and Brereton as chief artists. On Saturday, Mr. Bernhard Carrodus played the slow movement and finale from Mendelssohn's violin concerto, and was encored. On Monday the *Elijah* was given. On Tuesday the Festival closed with Sullivan's *Golden Legend* and Stanford's *Reverie*.—The usual sacred concerts were given on Good Friday at the Crystal Palace, St. James's Hall, and the Albert Hall: details are unnecessary.—Last week the students of the Guildhall School of Music produced a new Welsh cantata entitled *Gwen*, by Mr. J. Haydn Parry. It is a light and melodious work; and, except as to the parts of the lover and of the heroine's father, is entirely for female voices. The plot, based upon a Welsh legend, describes how a fairy was given to a cowherd for wife on the understanding that, if he should give her three causeless blows, she must revert to her fairy state. In the course of twelve years, the cowherd thrice loses his temper, and, as a fitting punishment for wife-beating, he is parted from his spouse.—At the concert given at the Albert Hall on Easter Monday, Mr. Sims Reeves had been announced to sing for the last time at the National Festival Concerts, but he was suffering from bronchitis, and could not appear.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The reception to Sir Charles and Lady Hallé at Messrs. Broadwood's last week was attended by upwards of two thousand people, a large number of whom, owing to the crush, failed to obtain admission at all. Sir Charles Hallé performed two fugitive pianoforte pieces, but Lady Hallé was unable to play.—Madame Albani, who is now sixty-seven, happened to be a member of the audience at a charitable concert in Paris last week, and, owing to the illness of one of the artists, she volunteered to reappear. Seated on a chair on the platform, the once eminent contralto consequently sang the air "O mio Fernando," from *La Favorita*.—The famous Polish pianist, Ignaz Paderewski, will make his debut in England at a recital at St. James's Hall on May 2nd.—Monday next is fixed as the last day for receiving applications for the Gresham Professorship of Music.—As the Guildhall School of Music has already outgrown its present premises on the Victoria Embankment, the building is about to be enlarged by taking in a piece of land at the rear.—Dr. Richter will conduct the Lower Rhine Festival, at Düsseldorf, at Whitsuntide.

ENGLAND IS THE LARGEST CUSTOMER IN THE WORLD FOR FRENCH TOYS, Spain stands second, and next come respectively the Argentine Republic and Belgium. The export of playthings of all kinds from France has increased marvellously within the last quarter of a century, much to the advantage of the numbers of work-people employed. At the time of the 1867 Exhibition, the toys exported were worth little more than 240,000*l.*; by the 1878 Exhibition, the exports had risen to 640,000*l.*, while last year they reached the value of 2,800,000*l.*

THE WAGNER "CULT" AT BAYREUTH influenced even the recent local elections to the German Reichstag. For years the National Liberal banker, Herr Feustel, who manages the Wagnerian performances, had sat for Bayreuth, but this time a Socialist candidate ran the Deputy so close that a second ballot was necessary. Madame Wagner was away at the time, but on hearing of Herr Feustel's threatened defeat she hurried home and canvassed all the electors, warning them that the glory of the Bayreuth Theatre would vanish if Herr Feustel failed. As the inhabitants reap a rich harvest by the Wagner performances, they were converted at once, and gave their votes to Herr Feustel, while the Socialists lost the seat.





FILLING HER PROGRAMME

*"She gave a dance to this one, and waved away the other with the air of a Queen"*

## II.

MAUDE'S dance was very amusing. Maude is a much more amusing person than Grace; and her house is twice as pretty, though it's much smaller, and not in Park Lane. Then the people were more interesting, and (except a few) they were not the same as I met at Lady Midas's and everywhere else. There were all sorts of artists and authors, and people of that kind, and some of them wore velvet coats and long hair; and there were ladies with frizzy *auréoles* and Greek dresses, you know; though it was not fancy dress. And I danced with Lord Lakes, and Maude said, "Well, Gwen, I didn't know *you* went in for lions!"

"Lord Lakes is not a lion," I said. "He is a very sensible man."

"I should call him a boy, if anything," said Maude coolly. "But I was talking of Gerald Humphrey."

"I don't know him," said I.

"Oh, don't you?" cried Maude wickedly.

And, before I knew where I was, she had dragged me, if you please, up to the man I had just been dancing with, and said, "Mr. Humphrey, I want to introduce you to my sister, Lady Gwendolyn Hawthorne."

He bowed perfectly gravely, and said, "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" And I was borne off in an utterly imbecile condition.

At last I gasped out, "Who are you?"

"Gerald Ashworth Humphrey," replied he solemnly, as if he was saying his catechism.

"You don't mean to say you are *the* Mr. Humphrey?" I cried, terrified—and he was, of course. And here had I been calmly talking over his novels, and giving my opinion, just as if he was any ordinary man.

The next thing I said was, "Then who is the real Lord Lakes?"

"Lord Lakes is the young fellow with the obvious gloves, talking to the lady in black over there," said Mr. Humphrey, pointing out no less a person than my schoolboy friend of the night before! And now will you tell me who is the pretender?"

And of course I was obliged to explain the whole silly mistake, and it took so long that I'm afraid I missed a good many dances; but mamma wasn't there, and he is such a very sensible person (except when he begins to chaff), that it didn't matter in the least. Oh—I must tell you about Lord Lakes—the real one this time. I saw him standing pulling on his gloves with a most engaging simper among a crowd of men before a lady on a sofa, who seemed very popular. She was in black, with masses of scarlet flowers, which suited her dark skin; and she gave a dance to this one, and waved away the other with the air of a Queen. They call her "*la belle laide*," because there is something so fascinating about her, though she's not a bit good-looking, really.

She is a Mrs. Calthrop Wendry, and has written a volume of poems, which every one is talking about. She and Maude are tremendous friends, and Grace told mamma she didn't think it at all a good thing for Maude. Mamma and I were at Madame Araminte's a few days after. We generally shop in the afternoon, before going for our drive in the Park. And though her things are always exquisite, I couldn't get just the hat I wanted. I was trying to explain to mamma (who will *not* see the *nuances* in these things). And I said, "Mamma, dearest! Surely you remember that dear little hat that Mrs. Calthrop Wendry wore at the private view—"

When there was that tiresome Gracie standing close behind, and saying in her cold middle-aged voice (shall I be middle-aged when I'm twenty-nine, I wonder?),

(Continued on page 425)



LITERARY EFFORTS

*"I thought I might as well write a poem."*



## OUR BRITISH REPTILES

IN the British Isles we are singularly fortunate in our comparative immunity from most of those noxious insects and reptiles that are capable of inflicting venomous stings and bites. In fact, the whole of such creatures indigenous to this country might almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. Our reptiles number in all about a dozen species; but of these the only one of a venomous character is the viper, or adder, as it is frequently called. This serpent is undoubtedly venomous, and its bite would cause a man more or less pain and annoyance according to circumstances—the position of the wound, the heat of the weather, or the state of the injured person's health greatly influencing the virulence of the poison. Although in warmer latitudes death from the bite of a viper might be looked upon as a painful certainty, such a termination is not as a rule likely to occur in this country, where the venom of our native species usually occasions only temporary pain and inconvenience, which may be alleviated by the application of hartshorn or sweet oil. Should the reader, however, at any time be so unfortunate as to be bitten by one of these reptiles, he should bear in mind that it is advisable, as soon as possible after the bite has been inflicted, to suck the wound vigorously. This may be done without fear—assuming, of course, that the mouth is free from scratches—for the venom of serpents may usually be swallowed with impunity, even though its injection into the blood might produce certain death.

That serpents sting with their long, slender, forked tongues seems to be a tolerably prevalent idea; but it is nevertheless, like many other prevalent ideas, quite erroneous. The tongue of a serpent is a very inoffensive organ, which is chiefly used as a feeler, the venomous bite being inflicted by two fangs, situated in the upper jaw, each of which has at its base a small poison gland. The fangs of the viper are slightly curved sharply-pointed teeth which are folded back when not in use, and each contains a deep groove through which the venom flows when the viper presses its fangs into the flesh of its victim.

Many countrymen will tell us of large vipers upwards of at least a yard or two in length that they have courageously slain for the good of the public; but often it is the innocent ring snake that is immolated by these well-meaning, though misguided, individuals, who no doubt consider their conflicts with the venomous monsters quite on a par with that which, according to legendary history, took place between St. George and the dragon.

Yokels do not as a rule possess a very accurate knowledge of reptiles, and most people, who have not sufficient courage to kill a snake, prefer to give it a wide berth rather than examine it with sufficient care to determine the species to which it may belong. Consequently vipers are supposed to be much more common than they really are, for other ophidians, and even lizards, are not unfrequently included in this designation by the ignorant. Vipers, however, are very plentiful in some localities. Thus, in parts of the Eastern Counties we have met with considerably more of them than of other snakes. They are easily distinguishable, for although varying in colour from a light reddish hue to various shades of brown or black and silver, vipers are always characterised by a dark zig-zag mark down the centre of the back.

The common or "ring snake" as it is generally called, on account of a yellowish ring or collar round its neck, is the largest British ophidian, and sometimes attains a length of five feet or more, whereas the viper is usually only about eighteen inches or two feet long. Unlike the latter, it is quite harmless, and may be easily tamed; but it has the power of emitting an offensive odour when frightened or annoyed. It is a good swimmer, and lives as a rule in the vicinity of water—unfortunately for the frogs, which constitute its favourite food, although mice and young birds are also eaten by it. The eggs of the ring snake, which are nearly as large as those of pigeons, are generally laid in manure heaps, or amongst masses of decaying vegetable matter, where they can enjoy the benefit of the artificial heat peculiar to such situations.

There is also a third snake, which is now considered indigenous to this country, namely, *Coronella levis*, a small slender reptile, which rarely exceeds a length of two feet, and is quite harmless.

The little slow-worm, or "blind-worm," *Anguis fragilis*, though snake-like in its form and general appearance, is not in reality a snake; in fact, it may be more correctly described as a limbless lizard. Externally it does not possess any signs of limbs; but vestiges may be traced in its skeleton, which would seem to point to their possession in some bygone age. It is a popular error to suppose that the slow-worm is blind. Not only has it two eyes, with which it can see remarkably well, but it has also, on the top of its head, a rudimentary eye, although the latter, buried as it is beneath the covering of scales, is probably of no practical use to its possessor.

The tails of our common lizards, and particularly that of the slow-worm, are characterised by a remarkable brittleness, which renders them liable to snap off in the fingers if roughly handled. This peculiarity of the caudal appendage is, no doubt, at times extremely useful in enabling the little saurians to escape from their foes, and as new tails grow in the place of those that are lost, the temporary inconvenience is perhaps not very great. On the whole, however, in spite of their brittleness, we have found slow-worms, like most reptiles, very tenacious of life. One which the writer recently possessed escaped from its cage, and, crawling out of a window, fell on to a leaden roof twenty feet below, where it remained exposed to the hot rays of the sun until, three days afterwards, it was discovered in a very exhausted and dried-up condition. After soaking for several hours in a basin of cold water, however, its shrivelled skin filled out somewhat, and it began to revive; and in two or three days it had resumed its normal appearance, apparently little the worse for its accident.

All reptiles shed their skins several times during the year, and in woods one may frequently find the sloughs of snakes—light, flimsy things that look not unlike goldbeaters'-skin. Toads and newts are more economical than their relations the ophidians, for they generally swallow their old coats when they have succeeded in taking them off.

The frog, as most of our readers are doubtless aware, passes its earlier days as a little wriggling tadpole, which subsequently develops legs, at the same time losing its gills and tail, these being gradually absorbed, until, by the time that the batrachian has attained its mature form, they have entirely disappeared. It is not, perhaps, so generally known, however, that our toads are similarly developed from the tadpole state—thus, like the frog, spending the first portion of their lives entirely in the water. Inoffensive and extremely useful though he undoubtedly is, the poor toad bears a bad reputation amongst the ignorant, who regard him as a venomous creature—an erroneous idea which, we regret to say, is shared by many persons who certainly ought to know better.

Although not indigenous to this country, the edible frog, *Ra esculenta*, may now be found more or less plentifully in many localities in the Eastern Counties—where, however, so far as our own experience goes, it is unfortunately not appreciated as an article of food by the natives of those parts.

The casual observer who is not particularly well acquainted with natural history might be apt to imagine that the little lizards which he sees on land are identical with the similarly shaped newts that frequent most of our ponds. Apart, however, from the superficial resemblance which our native species of newts bear to the saurians, they differ widely from the latter. Newts, efts, or evets, as they are called in different localities, are

amphibious, and, like frogs, spend a part of their time on land. In fact, although they are not very agile pedestrians, we have sometimes found them a considerable distance from water. At the breeding season, in the spring and early part of summer, when newts discard almost entirely their terrestrial habits for an aquatic existence, the males develop a fine crest or kind of dorsal fin, and their bodies being at that time marked with colours of increased brilliancy, they present a much more gorgeous appearance than on ordinary occasions.

Although in reality harmless little creatures, incapable of inflicting an injury, newts, like the toad, are commonly supposed to be extremely venomous, and many a one, at the expense of its life, has no doubt had to suffer through popular ignorance and prejudice.

W. C. F.

## BUSHIRI

THIS noted chief, who for long had been a thorn in the side of the Germans in East Africa, and who, though often defeated by them, had been cunning enough to avoid capture, was at last taken prisoner by a native tribe. They surrendered him to the Germans, who tried him by court-martial, and executed him on December 15th, at Pangani. Like the Pontifical malcontents, after the capture of Rome in 1870, or the Burman dacoits, he was patriot or



BUSHIRI, AN ARAB SLAVE-TRADER  
Shot by the Germans at Pangani

brigand, probably a mixture of both, according to the point of view from which he was regarded. He had been guilty, however, of many barbarities, such as capturing some of Major Wissmann's native men, and sending them back with their hands chopped off. But the Germans were chiefly incensed against the Arab ruffian because of his murder of Herr Nielsen, the agent of the East African Company at Mpwapwa.—Our portrait is from a photograph sent us by Colonel Euan Smith, H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES

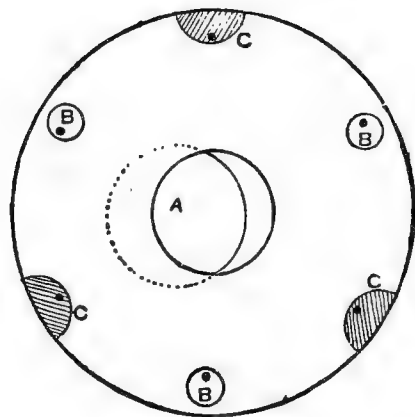
MANY persons who never venture to eat pork on account of its alleged unwholesomeness will not deny themselves the use of bacon and ham, under the belief that when cured the much-abused flesh of the pig is purified of all its noxious qualities. They can now, unfortunately, no longer maintain this position, for recent investigation has shown that salting or pickling seems to have little if any destructive effect upon the common forms of bacilli which are found in diseased meat. Experiment showed that such meat after being in pickle for two months exhibited multitudes of these living germs of disease. The experiments have been carried out with care, but it is not stated whether or not meat which has been subjected to the operation of smoking as well as pickling is freed from its disease-provoking germs.

Among the photographs shown at the recent Exhibition of the Royal Meteorological Society, illustrative of the application of photography to meteorology, was a series of pictures of lightning flashes, which were of extreme interest. A curious feature which has for some time been noted in photographs of lightning, has given rise to much speculation. We allude to the so-called dark images, which appear in the pictures as black sinuous lines, in addition to the bright lines which take the usual forms of forked lightning. Among the explanations given for the presence of these dark images was the ingenious one that they formed the paths of previous flashes, the heat and chemical action of which had caused in the atmosphere some change which, while invisible to the eye, was capable of being photographed. This theory, however, need not be further considered, for the presence of the dark lines is fully accounted for by the photographic phenomenon known as reversal of the image. This reversal is brought about by over-exposure, and was well illustrated in a photograph recently shown to us. The subject of this picture was a drawing-room with a well-lighted conservatory leading from it. In the negative, which we examined, the room or dark portion of the subject was negative in character, but the conservatory beyond, which had received so much longer an exposure than its brightness required, was positive. The long exposure necessary for the dark portion of the picture had caused reversal of the image in the bright portion. Applying this observation to the question of dark images in lightning-flash photographs, we shall readily be able to understand their origin.

In taking photographs of lightning flashes, only possible at night, the camera is turned towards that portion of the sky from which the flashes are expected, with its lens uncapped. We will suppose that a flash comes and registers its image upon the photographic plate within the camera, but that the operator perhaps, because he did not notice the flash, or possibly, because he thought it was out of the field of the instrument, waits until another flash comes. The flash second is also registered, but the fresh access of light, which, of course, more or less illuminates the entire sky, acts upon the image of the first flash already on the plate, and causes reversal, so that the second flash is in the photograph a bright line of light, and the first one becomes one of those mysterious dark images

which have led to so much discussion among photographers and meteorologists. The elucidation of this interesting point was made plain in the Exhibition first referred to, by a series of photographs of electric sparks, by Mr. A. W. Clayden, which had been purposely exposed to gaslight after exposure in the camera so as to turn their radiant lines into lines of blackness. It may be mentioned here that in a recently published photograph of the solar corona, the original of which was taken by the late Father Perry during the eclipse of last December, the reversal of the image is well pronounced, in spite of the shortness of the exposure necessary in such a subject. It is also common to see the phenomenon of reversal in Norwegian photographs of the midnight sun, in which the orb of day is generally represented as a black ball just above the horizon.

The gradual but sure encroachment of the electric light upon the gas companies' preserves has led to not a few improvements in the methods of burning gas. The old batwing burner and its congeners have largely given place to regenerative forms of lamps, and the change would be more commonly adopted if the new lamps were not so expensive. Messrs. Gardner and Son, of Glasgow, have met the difficulty in a very ingenious manner, and have contrived a simple attachment to an ordinary gas globe, which at once confers upon the flame all those advantages which are claimed for the regenerative principle. It is true that the flame is not actually fed with hot air, but it burns in a chamber in which the atmosphere is highly heated. In other words, the gas globe is almost closed at the top with a fire-proof ceiling of asbestos, which keeps in the heat from the flame, and renders combustion so much more perfect than it is under ordinary conditions that the flame is beautifully white, is much increased in size, and consumes its own deleterious by-products. The form of this asbestos cover will be understood from the annexed diagram:—



The cover consists of a flat circular plate of asbestos cardboard, about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and of such a size that it covers, but does not overlap, the edge of the gas globe to which it is fitted. The three studs B of the same material are on the under side of the cover, and can be turned so as to touch the sides of the gas globe. In the centre there is a round orifice which can be more or less closed by the moveable piece A. C C C are semicircular pieces of mica, which prevent actual contact between the asbestos and the glass globe. With this simple arrangement the light from the gas is, according to tests made by the Glasgow Corporation Gas Department, more than doubled. This boon is secured at a cost which is quite insignificant, and which does not entail any alteration in existing gasfittings, provided only that the globes in use are not of any extraordinary pattern.

Mr. Frederic Barnett, C.E., has sent us particulars of his automatic system for perpetually ventilating and purifying sewers, drains, &c. This comprises the sealing of all existing apertures at the level of the roads, and the substitution of pipes connected with the crown of the arch of the sewer or drain. These pipes pass under the footways, and are carried up to the roofs of the houses on either side of the road. Some of these pipes would be devoted to the outlet of sewer gas, and the others to the inlet of fresh air, these different duties being secured by variation in the length of the pipes, and also by moveable cowls at their tops; those acting as inlet pipes always opposing the wind direction, and the outlet pipes turning the reverse way. The system, which promises efficiency, could not, however, be introduced without great expense and disturbance of the road and footways. An alternative plan, which was proposed some time ago, of ventilating sewers, seems to us to meet the difficulty in a cheaper and more convenient manner. By this method the sewers were connected by pipes with hollow columns bearing gas burners. An upward draught was by this means secured, and the air from the sewers was passed through a purifying flame.

T. C. H.



"ITALIAN CHARACTERS IN THE EPOCH OF UNIFICATION," by the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco (T. Fisher Unwin). The remembrance of the stirring period of the making of Italy is beginning to slip away from men's minds, and is passing into the domain of history. A few great names still stand out from this semi-oblivion, and most people would say that Italian Unity was entirely the work of Victor Emmanuel, Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi. And yet there were other great and devoted men who were almost as necessary as these giants of history to the welding together into one powerful State of all the petty kingdoms and principalities that made up the "geographical expression" of the continental diplomatists. These persons the Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco has undertaken to make known to the English reader, and she has chosen twelve—eleven men and one woman—whose lives and share in the great work she has briefly sketched in her book. One of the most interesting of the less known unifiers is the Baron Bettino Ricasoli, the Iron Baron, as he was called, who is the subject of the first of these biographies. Bettino Ricasoli was a Tuscan landowner, and the last representative of the great family of Ricasoli-Brolio, whose property lies near Siena, in the celebrated district of Chianti. In 1855, when many men looked to the Pope as the saviour of Italy, and many hoped for a Republic, Ricasoli saw that King Victor Emmanuel was, as he expressed it, the true strong column of the land. He was one of those who longed for a United Italy when the realisation yet seemed impossible, and he had a horror of the Home Rule that kept the petty States apart, so, though living in retirement upon his estates, he did not hesitate to come to the front when the occasion demanded him. From April, 1859, to March, 1860, the Iron Baron was the Dictator of Tuscany; and then, when his work



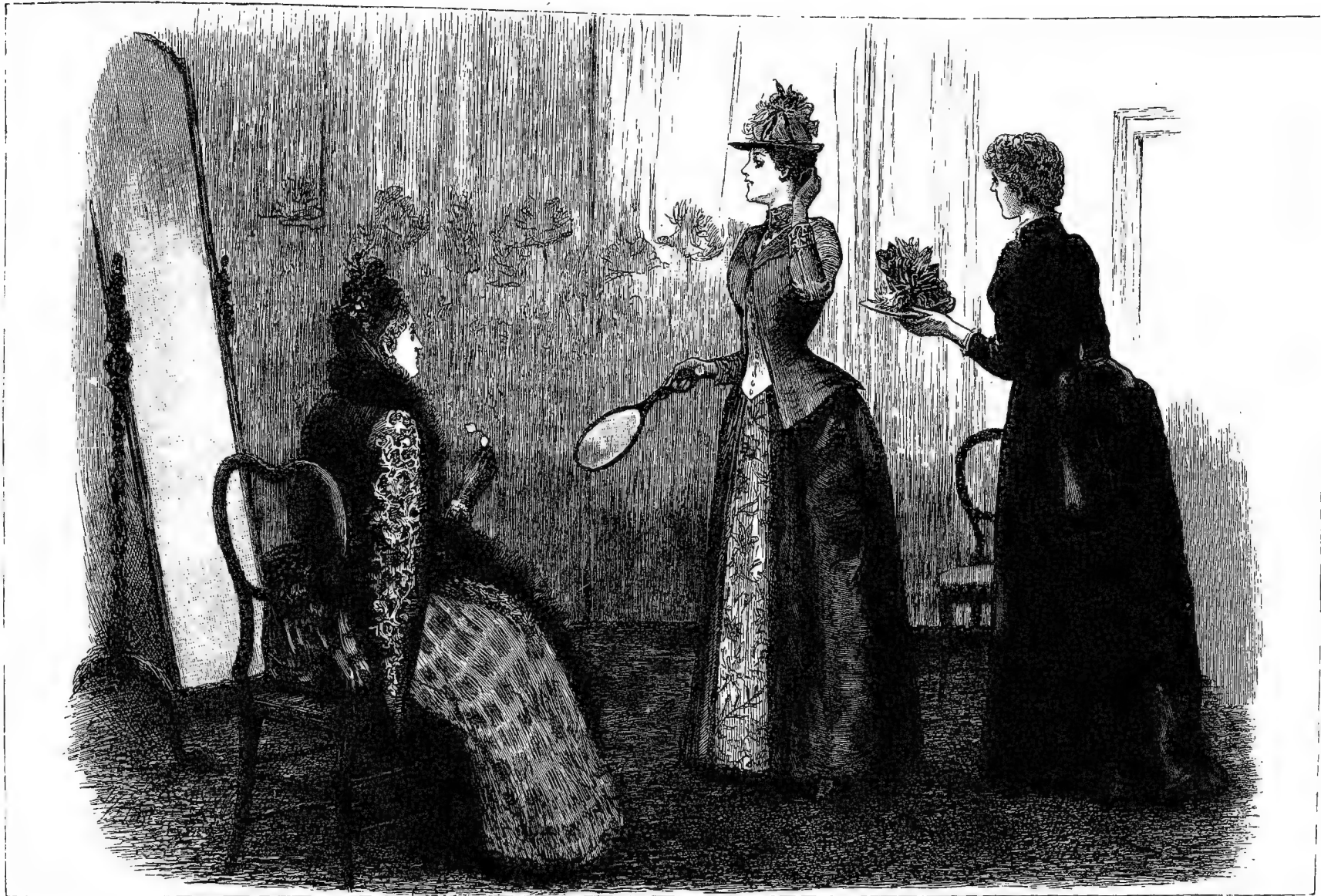


"ON PLEASURE BENT"—A BANK HOLIDAY ROADSIDE SCENE  
DRAWN BY WILLIAM MATHERELL, R.I.









AT THE MILLINER'S

"Just then Madame Araminte came in with some fascinating hats"

"I do not think it will be advisable for Gwendolyn to form herself on Mrs. Calthrop Wendry."

And then came a lot about "darling Maude," who, though she knew some really charming people, was not "quite in our set" (I think myself Maude is rather fast, because I've found out—what do you think? She smokes cigarettes!!). And that it would not be advisable for dear impressionable Gwenda to be too frequently with her.

Just then Madame Araminte—who is a Scotchwoman, by-the-by—came in with some fascinating hats, so I did not quite hear what mamma said, but it was something about "unavoidable at present." "Lord Lakes so frequently there." "Just what could be wished," which did not seem to me at all to the point.

Well, but I must go back to Maude's dance. Every one there seemed to be talking about Mrs. Wendry, and in fact Lord Lakes did not seem able to talk of anything else. I asked Mr. Humphrey, who I thought would know, as he is an author himself, if her poems are so very good.

"Not a fair question to a rival author," said he.

"Well, but tell me; are they very difficult to write? how do you do it?" I said.

"Nothing easier," said he. "You take a quill pen and a sheet of notepaper with a monogram, think of a few rhymes—not necessarily good ones—fit in an uncertain number of syllables, and there's your poem!"

"Oh! but you must have something to write about," I said.

"Excuse me," said he, "that is quite an exploded notion. You will never become a poet if you attempt to write about anything in particular."

It didn't sound very hard, really, and I felt quite poetical when I got home—rather pale, you know, and my hair a little out of curl—so I thought I might as well write a poem. The beginning was easy; I thought of some rhymes wonderfully quickly, and then just put down whatever came into my head:—

Ah, grief and despair of this weariful world!  
Oh, hurrying rushes of pain!  
Oh, wings that so whitely and fair were unfurled,  
And are dashed in the puddles again!

Don't you think it's rather pretty? and it only took me half-an-hour to do. But the worst of it is, one has to write several verses. I put down some rhymes for the next, but I was dreadfully sleepy by that time, and, besides, poor Célestine was waiting up all the time to undress me. It was very unfortunate, because I've never been inspired since. Still, it is a comfort to feel that I can write if it is necessary; and one never can tell what may happen, life is so very uncertain.

Dear me! What shall I tell you about next? So many things happen that if I told you them all it would take all day, and then you see nothing would be able to happen, so it would be no good. Oh, I know, the bazaar. Princess Mary of Teck came and opened it, with Princess Victoria, who looked quite pretty in a neat pink frock. That part of it was rather stupid, because of course there were speeches, and they can't expect you to listen; but when we began to sell, it was the greatest fun. I must tell you that we made more money at our stall than at any of the others, which was so nice for the poor people, wasn't it? I'm sure I don't know what it was for, though I would have found out if I had remembered I was going to write to you. But I had a stall of my own—the flower-stall—with five other girls to help, and we had *vivandière* dresses, and looked very nice. But the poor old dowagers! Some of the oldest and fattest of them insisted on wearing fancy dress—and never knew they were so fat before, and they got so red that I could not help feeling sorry for them. Poor old dears! they would have looked quite nice if they would have worn mob-caps and lace-mittens like Mrs. Bennett, our house-keeper at Hawthorne. That is what I mean mamma to do when she gets old.

Mrs. Calthrop Wendry had the stall next mine—the refreshments. It is extraordinary how many strawberry and vanilla ices one man can swallow. Little Lord Lakes, who spent the whole afternoon at our end of the hall, must have eaten at least twenty, laying down half-a-crown on the table every time. But, after

that, I noticed that he surreptitiously slipped away the ices into a flower-vase, and still went on putting down his half-crowns.

Mr. Humphrey came in late in the afternoon, and had a long talk with Mrs. Wendry. I was selling baskets of flowers to two old Generals; and when he came to my stall he only asked for a rosebud for his coat. I couldn't find one at first, as the heat of the room had made them all blow, and he said, "Does the air of ball-rooms and bazaars always turn buds so quickly into full-blown flowers?" And he was gone before I had time to answer. What an odd man he is! I wonder if he was offended at anything? People were saying that he is evidently very much taken with Mrs. Wendry to have condescended to come to a charity bazaar. By the by, I must be careful about little Lord Lakes, for of course I never could care at all about a boy like that, and I should be extremely sorry if he allowed his feelings to carry him too far.

M. A. B.



THE BAZAAR

"I was selling baskets of flowers"





THE usual lull in public affairs during a holiday season does not affect GERMANY. The domestic excitements of the last few weeks having subsided, there has been a great outburst of colonial enthusiasm over the engagement of Emin Pasha to assist Germany in East Africa. Ever since his accident, Emin has shown his distinct disinclination to abandon Africa for Europe, and Teutonic influence has now induced him to enter the German service at an annual salary of 1,000*l.*, and to lead a caravan back into the interior as soon as the necessary arrangements can be completed. The Expedition will be very large, well supplied, and protected by 200 Soudanese soldiers under German officers, and will endeavour to reach Lake Victoria without delay, in order to secure the trade routes to the sea, and anticipate the British East Africa Company in gaining the control of a large district. So great is the German haste to be first in the field, that the caravan will not even wait for a favourable season, and thus the task before Emin is no easy one. However, the Germans are most hopeful respecting their position in East Africa, for Major Wissmann and Lieutenant Ehlers have secured the support of most of the influential chiefs within reach, and even the obstinate Bwana Heri has at last made peace. Naturally, Emin's decision has produced much unfavourable criticism from the British colony at Zanzibar and their sympathisers—increased by the bad taste Emin has shown in sowing Zanzibar with handbills disclaiming any connection with Mr. Stanley's action against Tippoo Tib. Mr. Stanley's comments on the affair are very guarded, however. The German Press, at home, triumphed considerably over the British at first, but are gradually changing their tone, to accord with the strong official sympathy now manifested towards England. Thus the Government prints insist that British rights and interests will be carefully respected, and that the German expedition is not intended in an aggressive spirit. Nevertheless, considerable anxiety is felt by many moderate people lest this colonial enterprise should be the beginning of a policy of adventure, now that Prince Bismarck no longer applies the curb to the Emperor's impetuosity. A special Colonial Department has been created in the German Foreign Office, under Dr. Krauel, an expert on this subject, and important Colonial Bills will be brought before the Reichstag, which will not open till May 6th to allow full time for the preparation of the measures. Meanwhile General Von Caprivi is stated to have written to Signor Crispi, expressing his determination to follow his predecessor's policy in maintaining the Triple Alliance. As to Prince Bismarck, he is enjoying the rest of Friedrichshagen, where Emperor William proposes to visit his ex-Chancellor during the summer. His Majesty's democratic sentiments give rather a shock to the traditional Prussian exclusiveness, for, after endeavouring to introduce equality among the labouring classes, the Emperor wishes to foster a similar sentiment in the army. In a lengthy Rescript, the Emperor denounces the luxury prevalent among his officers, and the custom of excluding poor candidates from the rank of officers. He bids the army reduce their scale of living to more Spartan proportions, so that members of the middle-classes may be admitted, and warns officers that his opinion of their merits will depend largely on their action in this matter. This Order has made a deep impression, not altogether agreeable to the mighty Prussian officer. The labour troubles continue, and have led to several disturbances; not, however, of such serious character as in AUSTRIA, where the Vienna strikes caused a regular riot on Monday, the mob plundering the Jews' shops until the troops restored order. The Socialists were the origin of the agitation, and derided the police when they fired on the crowd with blank cartridge.

In FRANCE the Boulangists intend to make a desperate bid for popular favour at the Paris municipal elections on the 27th inst. The heads of the party have been over to Jersey to confer with the General, and great activity is being shown throughout Paris. Other parties, however, are equally busy, for there are 900 candidates for 80 seats. Besides keeping a close watch on the preparations for the elections, the Government is occupied during the Recess with the affairs of Dahomey and Egypt. Unless the King of Dahomey comes to terms at once, Parliament will be asked to sanction a military expedition of sufficient strength to settle the question effectually. With regard to Egypt, the French are very angry at the reports of their intended agreement to the conversion of the debt. Although Tigranè Pasha, the Egyptian Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with Mr. Palmer, is on his way to France to reopen the discussion, France firmly declares that she will not consent till the English evacuate Egypt, any more than she will waive her claim to Alsace-Lorraine. President Carnot's coming tour to the South will be a regular State progress, and he will be paid especial honours in Corsica. Before he leaves Paris it seems probable that the Duc d'Orléans' pardon will be announced. PARIS has been divided between church-going and holiday-making, the great event being the reading of M. Haraucourt's Passion-Play at the Cirque d'Hiver. This was not a success, except for Madame Sarah Bernhardt, the public showing considerable discontent, so that only half the play was read, much to the author's openly-expressed disgust.

The agitation in RUSSIA has produced most alarmist statements as to the extent of the revolutionary movement, and its effect upon the Czar's health. Without fully crediting such rumours, there can be little doubt that the student disturbances have been more serious than official sources allow, besides encouraging other classes to express discontent. Thus the peasants in six provinces where Count Tolstoi's famous reforms have been introduced on trial show considerable disaffection, even breaking out into riots in the Government of Riazan. As to the students themselves, large numbers have been arrested, especially those belonging to the Technological Institute at St. Petersburg, twenty-eight of whom will be expelled altogether. Indeed the Czar in his wrath even proposed to close the higher educational establishments for a year, but the Easter vacation coming on opportunely enough, most of the malcontent students have been sent home to the provinces to cool down. Meanwhile the public discontent has received a fresh impetus from learning that Madame Tschebrikova has not been released, but sent off to the Caucasus, receiving very harsh treatment on her journey. She will be followed by the young Grand Duke Michael, whom the Czar has banished to the same region for three years because he wants to marry the daughter of General Ignatieff. To crown the Russian troubles, explosives are said to have been discovered at Gatchina—usually the very harbour of refuge for the Imperial Family—so that it is not surprising that the Czar has been ill again—a fresh relapse of influenza, according to the official announcement.

In EASTERN EUROPE, SERBIA is trying her utmost to goad BULGARIA into open hostilities. Bulgaria shows exemplary patience, however, and is resolved not to begin the quarrel, though quite ready to take it up. While the Bulgarians have satisfied the Russian demands for the arrears of the war indemnity, their suzerain, TURKEY, is perplexed by a similar claim, due to her intention to raise a fresh loan. Russia requests the Porte to pay off her account before applying the proceeds of the loan to any other object. Negotiations for a fresh Anglo-Turkish Commercial Treaty are now proceeding at the British Embassy, Constantinople. In CRETE,

Chakir Pasha has ordered the Mixed Commissions to inquire into the damage suffered by Christian proprietors from the Mussulmans, who are to give due compensation.

INDIA is busy criticising Government measures. The Budget creates some disappointment because it does not provide for lowering any taxes, while the Native and European Press wrangle vigorously over the Legislative Councils Bill, now that the full reports have arrived of the debates in the English Parliament. The Mahomedans protest more vehemently than ever against popular election to the Councils, and are preparing monster petitions on the subject. Again, much fault is found with the management of the Chin-Lushai expedition, as a large proportion of tinned provisions supplied to the troops was bad, while the medical supplies were inadequate to meet the large demands produced by so much sickness. Not to mention the sick invalided home, 11 officers, 86 British soldiers, 281 native soldiers, and 994 camp-followers were in hospital, on March 27th, on the Burma side alone.

At last CHINA has agreed to allow British trade with the Upper Yangtze, by making Chung-King an open port. This concession was promised by the Chefoo Convention of 1876—which, in compensation for the murder of Mr. Margary, opened several fresh ports—but was delayed until a steamer could be constructed to pass the intervening rapids between Tchang and Chung-King. Two years ago Mr. Little, the Tchang merchant, provided a suitable steamer, but the Chinese would not fulfil their promise, and eventually bought the vessel themselves. Even now, although a special Treaty has been signed, British steamers must not enter the port till the Chinese steamers have preceded them. Chung-King, the commercial metropolis of Western China, lies some 1,500 miles up the Yangtze, and is the door to a most important trade-region. The Emperor is visiting the Eastern tombs, attended by a retinue 10,000 strong.

The floods in the UNITED STATES subside slowly, and it is hoped that the worst is over. Considering the extent of the inundations, few lives have been lost except near Vicksburg, where a party of negro refugees on a raft had twelve women and children washed overboard. But much distress must ensue, for many small proprietors have lost their all, while in many districts the floods have completed the injury to the wheat crop begun by the preceding cold winds. Violent storms continue in the Mississippi region, and a cyclone has entirely destroyed Prophetstown, near Burlington, in Illinois. Turning to politics, the Democrats and Republicans are still engaged in their obstructionist struggle in the House of Representatives. The Democrats refused to vote on the Bill admitting Idaho as a State, so the Republicans passed the Bill notwithstanding, and, in order to prevent their opponents repeating such tactics in the new Congress to be elected in the autumn, the Republican Committees are framing Bills to create further electoral districts, and shut out the Democrats from securing a majority. Fresh protests arise against the proposed Tariff Bill, this time from the leather merchants and the shoemakers of New England, while patriotic members approve a measure forbidding aliens to serve in the American navy. As the foreigners in the navy at present number twenty to one American, serious trouble might arise should war break out with any European nation.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY, the Vatican and the Special British Envoy have concluded their negotiations concerning Maltese affairs very satisfactorily. The Pope was most cordial to Sir J. L. Simmons at his farewell audience, and Clerical circles hope that the British Envoy may soon return to the Vatican.—PORTUGAL is entering upon a more decided course of domestic policy, and a new series of decrees limit the licence hitherto enjoyed by opponents of the Government. Henceforward public meetings are put under rigid restrictions: the Press are forbidden to insult the Government or State institutions; a censorship will supervise the theatres, and criminal procedure will be reformed. No Minister may manage any business enterprise connected with the State, while a special Ministry of Public Instruction is created to raise the educational standard, now much lower than in other countries. Major Serpa Pinto returns to Lisbon on the 20th inst.—The Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM finds the regulation of the African liquor traffic one of the most difficult questions, raising long and animated discussions. Brussels is much excited over the rival proposals to improve the waterway from the sea to the capital, and King Leopold's recent visit to England is asserted to be connected with this project.—NEWFOUNDLAND is despatching a delegation to England to memorialise the Queen and Parliament on the Fisheries Question, and the excitement increases, mass meetings declaring that they will never cease agitating till the French are driven out of the country.



THE Queen remains at Aix-les-Bains for another week, and will then return home *via* Darmstadt, where the German Emperor is expected to meet Her Majesty at the end of the month. The Empress Frederick will also come to Darmstadt with her daughters, and Princess Christian is expected. Meanwhile, the Princess Louise, Lord Lorne, and the three children of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught have joined the Royal party at Aix. The children will remain with the Queen until their parents return from their Eastern tour, and are now staying at a hotel close to the Villa Victoria. Although Her Majesty leads as retired a life as possible, several French guests and the officers commanding the local troops have been received at the Villa, while the band of the 97th Infantry played one afternoon in the gardens. The Queen visits her estate at Tresserves frequently, and a small chalet has been arranged there for Her Majesty to take afternoon tea. On Good Friday and Easter Sunday, the Queen, with Princesses Louise and Beatrice, attended the morning Service at the English Church, where the Dean of Gloucester preached, and on Monday Her Majesty received the Archbishop of Chambéry, while the Princesses and their husbands made an excursion to the Abbey of Haute Combe. Lord Lytton arrived on Tuesday, when the Queen called on Lady Whalley at the Maison du Diable, and drove to Grévy to see the Countess Sommer. Next day the Union Musicale Nautique from Geneva gave a concert in the grounds of the Villa. By the time Her Majesty returns to England, the bronze statue of the Prince Consort, presented as the Women's Jubilee Offering, will be erected in Windsor Great Park.

The Prince of Wales spent Easter at Cannes, after staying a few days in Paris on his way from Berlin to the Riviera. The English colony and numerous foreign visitors greeted the Prince at the Cannes station, and he was warmly welcomed by crowds in the streets as he drove to the Hôtel du Prince de Galles. After calling on the ex-Emperor of Brazil, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and the Russian Grand Dukes, the Prince went to St. George's Church to inspect the Duke of Albany's statue. Saturday was spent at Monte Carlo, the Prince presiding in the evening at the dinner of the Cercle Nautique. On Sunday morning the Prince attended Divine Service at St. George's Church, where the Rev. J.

Aitken officiated, and afterwards the Prince unveiled the Duke of Albany's statue in the choir chapel. He went again to Nice and Monte Carlo on Monday to pay visits, and on Tuesday joined a picnic to the Island of Ste. Marguerite, being present in the evening at a ball at the Cercle Nautique. At the end of the week the Prince will probably go to Italy to meet Prince Albert Victor on his way home from India, the two Princes returning to town on the 21st inst. Prince Albert Victor has been staying at Cairo privately with Sir Evelyn Baring. He arrived on Monday afternoon, witnessed a review on Tuesday, went shooting on Wednesday, and visited the Pyramids on Thursday. To-day (Saturday) he leaves for Athens. The Princess of Wales and her daughters intended to spend Easter at Sandringham, but, as the Princess developed a feverish cold and sore throat, they remained at Marlborough House. The Princess is now convalescent, and will shortly leave for Norfolk. On the 30th inst. the Prince of Wales will be re-installed as Grand Master of English Freemasons, thus entering upon his sixteenth year of office. He will present new colours to the Second Battalion of the Norfolk Regiment at Colchester on May 24th, and in June will go with the Princess to Plymouth to open the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, staying with the Earl of Mount Edgumbe.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught spent three days at Hong Kong last week on their way to Japan, leaving again in the *Ancon* on Good Friday. During their stay the Duke laid a stone commemorating the extension of the Praya or sea-wall, lunched at the Leymoon Forts, and dined with the British General.—The ex-Emperor of Brazil has been very ill at Cannes, sinking into a comatose state after intense mental excitement produced by monetary anxieties. He is much better, however.



MR. SYDNEY GRUNDY'S new play at the HAYMARKET can at least claim the merits of boldness and originality. Taking in hand a French piece, entitled *Le Secret de la Terreuse*, which belongs essentially to the class of conventional French melodramas, the adaptor has thrown away the worse half, and endeavoured to impart to the remainder a new element of interest, involving nothing less delicate than the question of the obligation upon a priest to respect the secrets of the confessional. The Abbé Dubois, who is the real hero of *A Village Priest*, has, in the pursuit of his sacred calling, become aware that one Tourquinie, a gamekeeper in his parish, who has been convicted of murder and sentenced to the galleys, is an innocent man. The good old priest knows that the deceased fell in a struggle with a man who had endeavoured to corrupt the honour of his wife; he knows that this man was the very judge who sentenced the innocent Tourquinie; but for seventeen years he has kept silence. One day, however, Tourquinie, escaped from the galleys, reappears on the scene. His daughter shrinks from him with horror, and he is about to be rearrested. A word from the Abbé will save him; but, apart from the obligations of his sacred office, the position is cruel and difficult. The judge is dead; but his son, a young barrister, is engaged to the daughter of the murdered man. To divulge the facts will not only expose the shame of the young lady's mother, but will hold up to execration the memory of the father of her betrothed. In a daring scene, in which the Abbé appeals to Heaven for counsel, and takes the sudden fall of a ray of moonlight upon the pages of an open Bible as a miraculous sign, the problem is solved. The Abbé determines to speak, having first formally renounced his sacred functions. In the eyes of Catholics this is of course both irreverent and absurd; and unfortunately, the Abbé's determination has no practical result, for the *dénouement* is brought about by other means; but the situation is obviously one of strong dramatic opportunities, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's performance of the Abbé is, in itself, undoubtedly a very fine piece of acting. Next to this—and in parts even exceeding it in power—is Mr. Fernandez's performance as the escaped convict, whose final self-sacrifice brings about—though it must be confessed in a rather confused way—the conclusion of the play. Credit is also due to Mr. Fred Terry for the sincerity and force of his performance as the young barrister, D'Arçay. The ladies of the cast are, however, rather overshadowed by the presence of these leading personages. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree can at most excite but mild sympathy as Marguerite, while Mrs. Gaston Murray, as the blind widow of the wicked judge, has only to display an angelic benevolence of love and expression; while Miss Rose Leclercq, as the widow of the murdered Count, has little to do save to stand by, a prey to silent remorse. Better chances fall to Miss Norreys as the convict's daughter; but, unfortunately, this young lady greatly exaggerates her woeful utterances, as performers who suddenly forsake the comic for the serious vein are apt to do. The new play, which is brilliantly put upon the stage, was received on the first night with great favour.

Mr. Oswald Crawford, who discourses of our English system of dramatic enterprise in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*, will doubtless see in the Haymarket piece some confirmation of his complaint that with the actor-manager that play is best which gives him the most prominent position. The charge, however, will certainly find more support in Mr. Arthur Law's new play brought out at the SHAFTESBURY with the title of *Dick Venables*. This elaborate melodrama has really only one feature of any note, and that is Mr. Willard's impersonation of the escaped convict, with his unscrupulous cruelty, his boundless audacity, his cool and polished manners. It is unquestionably a remarkable triumph of the actor's skill to be able to excite the imagination of the audience in this character, for the rest of the play is simply a tissue of absurd inconsequence and glaring improbabilities, mingled with puerile and farcical irrelevances. Why the escaped convict at Dartmoor, after killing the prison warden, prefers to loiter about the spot when he can easily disappear; why he compels his amiable and unhappy wife, who, by some strange infatuation, has taken a villa right opposite to the prison gates, to introduce him to the prison governor as her brother, are only two of many questions that baffle conjecture. Miss Olga Brandon is a forcible and natural actress, with a great deal of pathetic expression at command; but it was beyond her skill to give consistency to the part of a lady who, while she is supposed to be a person of honour, makes herself quite needlessly accessory after the fact to the murder of the warden at her own gate, and then, by lies, fraud, and falsehood enables her villainous husband to hoodwink and plunder her friends and acquaintances. Perhaps the oddest thing is that at the fall of the curtain the heroine of these strange proceedings, set free by the death of her convict-husband, is supposed to be about to marry the bamboozled prison governor—a pretty scandal, forsooth, for Dartmoor society!

Other Easter novelties have not been wanting at the theatres, although they have been of minor importance. *Aixie*, a new domestic drama, brought out at TERRY'S Theatre on Monday afternoon, though it bore the honoured name of the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, proved to be a rather feeble attempt to conduct a serious play with a child heroine. Little Nixie is the "angel in the house" of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence, whose child-prattle and wise tact heals domestic estrangement, and finally brings about the



discomfiture of a dangerous visitor, in the person of an old flame of Mrs. Lawrence, who is pursuing her under the double influence of love for herself and vindictive hatred towards her husband. The heroine, however, though played with amazing cleverness by Miss Lucy Webber, failed to impart an air of truth and sincerity to the position; her painful precocity touched no hearts, and the notion of preventing her in the last act, without plausible excuse, in a position identical with that of the little maiden in "Editha's Burglar," only served by its incoherence to deepen the impression of unreality. On Wednesday afternoon, a new piece, of which we shall have to speak again, was produced at the COMEDY, under the seasonable title of *April Showers*. Messrs. Burnand and Solomon's new version of that admirable little comedy of humble life, *Domestic Economy*, which has been produced at the same house as part of the evening programme, belongs rather to the category of musical performances. While chronicling the theatrical events of the week, we must not omit to note the opening of the new theatre at Richmond. Mr. Horace Leonard, upon whom, as manager, the task has fallen of maintaining the interesting traditions of the stage in that town, made an auspicious beginning on Monday. There was by way of housewarming a miscellaneous series of performances in the afternoon for the benefit of the local Public Library. In the evening Lady Monckton and Mr. Arthur Dacre appeared in their original parts in *Sam the Penman*, before a distinguished audience, including the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander, and the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin.

Mr. Terriss and Miss Millward have made their first appearance in London since their return from America at the GRAND Theatre, Islington. *The Harbour Lights*, in which they have been performing here throughout the week, is the piece chosen. On Wednesday next they will give, besides the evening entertainments, a *matinée* performance of *The Lady of Lyons*.

*Prince and Pauper*, adapted by Mr. Oscar Beringer from Mark Twain's story, will be presented at the first of a series of *matinées* at the GAIETY to-day (Saturday), with Miss Oscar Beringer in the child-part.

*The Bells* will be revived at the LYCEUM this evening, *The Dead Heart* being given in the afternoon.

It is now definitely announced that Mr. Buchanan's version of *The Empress*, with Miss Grace Hawthorne in the part of the wicked Empress, will be produced at the PRINCESS's on the 5th of next month.

As is usual during the holidays, the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS migrate temporarily into the Great St. James's Hall, where on Easter Monday they were rewarded with overflowing audiences in exchange for the excellent programme provided. During the first part no less than seven new ballads were introduced, among which were, "Sing while you may, boys," admirably rendered by Mr. Gaulois, and "The Old Mill Wheel," in which Mr. Spurr's fine bass voice was heard to advantage. A new comic song was furnished by Mr. G. W. Moore, called "In my Dream I Hear Those Bells." Then, in the second part, the Dandy Coloured Guard; Messrs. Dwight, Raeburn, Birchmore, and Stratton as the "Phour Phunny Phellows;" Hungarian dances, and sailors' double hornpipes; brought to a conclusion a very enjoyable entertainment.

### THE SESSION UP TO EASTER

THE House of Commons meets again on Monday after the Easter Recess. There were when the House rose some possibly prejudiced reproaches on the score of the littleness of the bulk of the wool to show for the much cry. But it will appear on closer and friendlier attention that quite the average measure of work must be credited to this first division of the Session. In the first place, it should be remembered that the Session up to Easter has been unusually short. The House met late, and, after the perhaps too-familiar example of Charles Lamb at the India Office, made up for it by going away early. Whilst the Session opened fully a week later than usual, Easter arrived this year a fortnight earlier than last year. This latter condition of affairs is all to the good, as we have the two weeks before us.

Another circumstance that must be borne in mind when taking account of the Session up to Easter is the debate on the Parnell Commission. That, a quite accidental intrusion on the time of the House, taken in conjunction with the wicked waste of time upon the so-called debate on the Address, answers for a pretty considerable slice of the period accomplished. Happily, the Session has been long enough to give promise of a time near at hand when the House shall deliver itself from this worse than useless incubus. Sir George Trevelyan's motion, opening up the question of rearrangement of the sessions of the Session, met with varied reception. But there was no voice raised in defence of the debate on the Address, attacked from divers quarters. It was tacitly agreed that, whatever precise scheme should be adopted of enlarging the summer holiday and the winter term of work, the debate on the Address must go. It was an institution harmless enough in its ordinary working, prior to the Session of 1875. In those days there were two courses open to the Opposition. Either they had resolved to challenge the existence of the Government on a Vote of Confidence, or they were advised to shirk battle. In the latter case, a far more frequent occurrence, the mover and seconder of the Address performed their ceremonial part, the leader of the Opposition offered a few critical remarks, the Leader of the House replied, it was all over before dinner-time, and on the very next day the House approached the business of the Session. In 1875, the year of the birth of Obstruction, the opportunities of wasting time supplied by the Debate on the Address were first perceived. In subsequent Sessions they were improved upon, till, at the present time, when Mr. Smith frankly admits there is nothing in the shape of organised obstruction, the debate on the Address drags on over eight or ten sittings, the very freshest nights of the Session. If this period were devoted to the actual progress of business in any one direction it would be a serious inroad on the limited period of the Session. That it is time absolutely and unconditionally wasted to appear from the simple fact that the subjects debated may be, and practically without exception are, brought up afresh as the Session progresses, through the medium of notices of motion.

The real work accomplished up to Easter has occupied a very brief period as compared with the succession of days appropriated by the Address and the Parnell Commission. It was practically all got through in the ten days preceding the Adjournment. The Land Purchase Bill, the main plank in the Ministerial programme, was read a first time on the night of its introduction. The Tithes Bill, in spite of threatened opposition from various quarters, passed the critical stage of the second reading after two nights' debate. A Bill amending the Allotments Act was read a second time without appropriating a whole sitting, and, at the far end of the sitting, which saw the Adjournment for the Easter Recess, Mr. Chaplin got his Pleuro-pneumonia Bill through the second reading. The most remarkable legislative feat was the passing through Committee of the Lunacy Laws Consolidation Bill. This was a colossal measure of some 250 clauses. It is true that very few members present knew anything about the Bill; but a bitter experience has shown that that is no reason why a measure should not be discussed at merciless length. The mere presentation of a Bill of 243 clauses brought in by the Government of the day was almost sufficient to make the ghost of the late Mr. Biggar walk. The Lunacy Bill, however, was a lost opportunity. Mr. Courtney got on so rapidly as he put the successive clauses that he essayed submitting them in

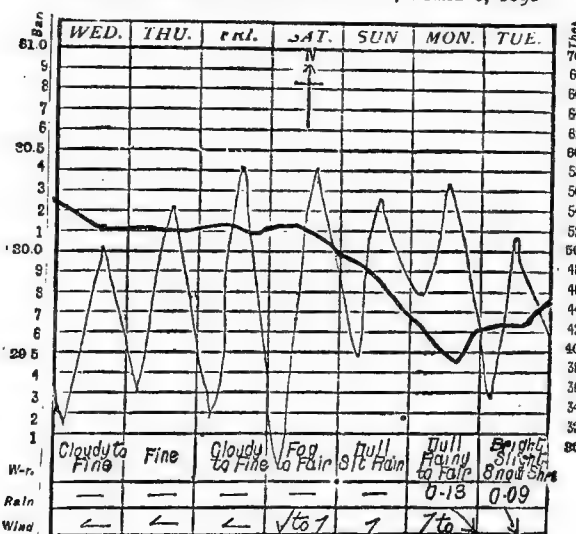
batches of five. No objection being offered, he timidly tried clusters of ten, and so slipped into battalions of fifty. Thus the prodigious Bill passed through Committee in six minutes by Westminster clock. Nor was this all. The House, astonished at its own moderation, permitted the third reading to be forthwith taken, and so the Bill passed.

Whilst the progress with Bills, though modest, is satisfactory, Supply is in a forward state rarely exceeded on March 31st. This is a result partly due to good luck, and partly to good management. Lord George Hamilton, bringing on the Navy Estimates in the state of collapse following the close of the debate on the Report of the Special Commission, ran all the Votes save two through in a single sitting. The Supplementary Estimates coming on St. Patrick's Day, when the Irish members and some of their closer allies were banqueting, another unexpectedly large stroke of business was done. On the eve of the Recess it appeared that the Government would be balked of their intention to obtain certain necessary Votes in the Civil Service Estimates. At the commencement of the Monday sitting it had been arranged that the adjournment for the holidays should take place after the morning sitting on the Tuesday. Supply was the order of the day, and it was clear that if a few members could talk up to seven o'clock, at which hour, if this arrangement were carried out, the adjournment must take place, very few Votes need be granted. This was an idea that had also occurred to Mr. Smith, and suggested to him a little bit of quiet strategy. When Mr. Labouchere and his friends took their seats below the gangway prepared to spend a merry afternoon, they found among the printed notices of Motion one standing in the name of the First Lord of the Treasury, proposing to take precedence for Government business at an evening sitting on Tuesday and at the ordinary sitting on the following day. That being translated meant, that if the necessary Votes were not obtained by seven o'clock members must needs come down again at nine, and sit again through Wednesday. By six o'clock every Vote in Class I. in the Civil Service Estimates was agreed to, and long before seven the House had broken up for the Easter holidays.

This ready, adroit, and successful movement on the part of Mr. Smith is indicative of a resourceful character, pleasing to contemplate in view of the stormy times in store for the House of Commons in the division of the Session to open on Monday.

### WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (8th inst.). The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of this week there has been a complete change from a period of unusually bright weather, with dry North-Easterly winds, and great diurnal range of temperature, to one of squally North-Westerly winds, a large amount of cloud, and passing showers of cold rain, wet snow, and soft hail. It is reported that thunder was heard at times on Tuesday (8th inst.) Some of the nights were very cold, especially during the earlier part of the week, when very sharp frosts were recorded on the grass; and some of the day temperatures have been fairly high, but the air was steadily dry and searching until the latter part of the week.

The barometer was highest (30.13 inches) on Wednesday (2nd inst.); lowest (29.48 inches) on Monday (7th inst.); range 0.65 inch.

The temperature was highest (58°) on Friday and Saturday afternoons (4th and 5th inst.); lowest (30°) on Saturday morning (5th inst.) when the grass temperature fell to 17°; range in the shade was 28°.

Wind was Easterly at first, South-Westerly to North-Westerly later. Rain fell on two days. Total amount 0.22 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 0.13 inch on Monday (7th inst.)

ORIENTALS ARE BEGINNING TO APPRECIATE WESTERN MUSIC. The Maharajah of Mysore is an enthusiastic and accomplished violinist, and has formed a string band of sixty players, to give open-air concerts at Mysore.

THE SUPERIORITY OF BRITISH RULE OVER RUSSIAN DESPOTISM is much lauded by a Parsee gentleman, who confides his impressions of foreign travel to a native print, the *Rast Gofar*. He states:—"Having seen the different cities of Russia, and having also seen and heard about the ways in which that country has been governed, one cannot but be convinced of the benign rule of the British Government, under whose sway we have not only liberty of speech and action, and pure and undefiled justice, but, above all, the enjoyment of every comfort and convenience of life. The British rule is comparatively a great blessing. While crossing the Russian boundary, we most sincerely and fervently prayed to God that the protection of the British Government, under whose sway we are permitted to enjoy the sweets of life, may continue for ever. It was only when the boundary was crossed that we felt ourselves free men again."

THE COMING PARIS SALON at the Palais de l'Industrie will contain 2,330 paintings and 950 drawings. The jury having decided to hang fewer than last year, over 4,300 works have been rejected. As usual the Exhibition will open on May 1st, and instead of admitting visitors by invitation on the previous Varnishing Day, entrances will be charged 10f. apiece, the proceeds being given to the Artists' Charitable Society. Portraits promise to be specially interesting. M. Duez sends a capital likeness of Georges Hugo, the poet's grandson, whose pecuniary troubles have lately edified Parisian gossips; M. Benjamin Constant a head of Mr. Jay Gould, and M. J. P. Laurens a full-length of a beautiful woman, besides a large picture of the "Provençal Floral Games." M. Lefebvre chooses the British legend of Lady Godiva, and M. Flameng contributes a military subject, "Pichegru in Holland, 1796." The rival Salon, presided over by M. Meissonier, keeps very quiet, and allows no secrets to transpire respecting the coming display, in the hopes of surprising the public. The Pastellists have opened their annual show in time to avoid the competition of the two important Exhibitions. As in London, pastels have experienced a great revival, and this collection is especially good.



PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT has certainly been chosen by the city of Edgerton, Kansas, U.S.A. At the recent town elections women only were chosen to act as mayor, judges, councillors, and even to form the police force.

AN EYE-WITNESS OF LORD BYRON'S LAST MOMENTS has just died at Missolonghi—an octogenarian Greek, who was the poet's boatman during the War of Independence. Kasis was a great celebrity in Missolonghi, delighting to relate his Byronic reminiscences, and the State gave him a grand funeral.

THAT MYSTERIOUS DISEASE, LA NONA, has appeared in Western France. A farmer belonging to a village near Dole, in the Jura, slept for four days and nights, and woke in such an exhausted condition that he died two days later. Another fatality occurred near Pressburg, in Austria, a boy of ten dying after a similar sleep of four days.

FILIAL PIETY IN CHINA does not die out with the advance of Western ideas. A provincial governor recently petitioned the Emperor for leave to retire on account of the health of his grandmother, which required his personal attendance during the rest of her life.

TWO ENGLISH CYCLISTS have just completed the tour of Europe on bicycles. They left London last summer, and travelled exclusively on their machines, except when obliged to take steamer for crossing a sea or lake. They went through France, Switzerland, and Austria, into Roumania and Turkey, thence returning *via* Russia, Sweden, and Norway, Northern Prussia, Holland, and Belgium.

ENGLISH RESIDENTS IN FRANCE now number 36,134, according to the latest return of the foreign population throughout the Republic. The English live chiefly in Paris, Bordeaux, and the large seaports, the women outnumbering the men. Most of the foreign residents, however, are Belgians, who arrive very poor, and adopt humble trades, like the Germans, who come second in numbers, and rapidly grow prosperous.

A RAILWAY BRIDGE ACROSS THE BOSPHORUS is the latest engineering project. The bridge would consist of a single span of some 850 yards, and would be constructed between Roumeli Hissar on the European side and Anatoli Hissar on the Asiatic bank of the Bosphorus, connecting the railway systems of European and Asiatic Turkey. At present there is no direct through communication, and advocates of the scheme assert that such a bridge would develop Turkish and general Eastern trade to a very large extent.

DUELING IN THE GERMAN ARMY is brought under most strict limitations by Emperor William's fresh plans just announced. He forbids any duel taking place unless sanctioned by a Court of Honour, presided over by two regimental colonels. No married man or widower with a family may fight, no officer can take part in more than three duels, and no quarrel in any mess-room or public place shall be allowed to lead to such encounters. The only recognised grounds for duelling are—if a blow is given, not followed by an ample verbal apology; or if any insult is offered to a lady relative or fiancée of the offended party.

AN INTERESTING WORKMEN'S EXHIBITION has been held this week, at the Holborn Central Hall, by the Working Men's Club and Institute Union. No such display has taken place since 1866, when the Prince of Wales opened a similar collection at the Agricultural Hall. The purely industrial exhibits are superior to the artistic specimens, indeed, in the latter class there is little advance on former years, notwithstanding the increased opportunities of artistic culture. Cabinet-work is represented better than any other industry, but there is a wide range of subjects, from furniture to stained-glass, from metal-work and bicycles to glass and printing, from stuffed fish to clothes, and so forth.

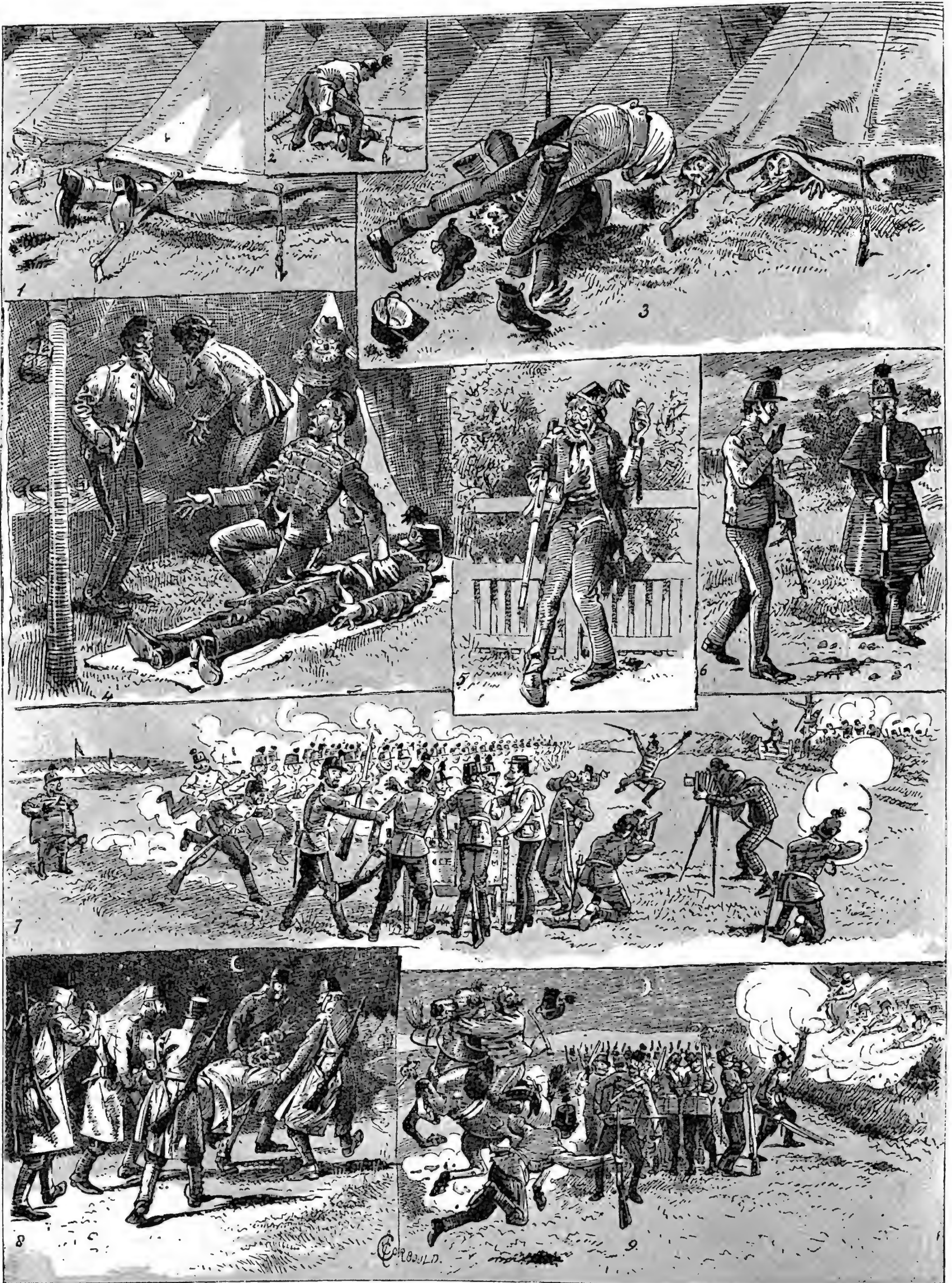
THE FIRST ALPINE DISASTER OF THE YEAR has occurred near Montreux. Two young men from Lausanne scaled the Rochers de la Neige, and as they found the proper path obstructed by snow, they climbed the face of the rock till they could go no further. On turning to descend, one of the mountaineers, M. Odin, fell over the precipice, and was killed instantaneously, while his companion only escaped by tying himself to a tree, where he remained till a rescue party found him the following afternoon. The weather in this part of Switzerland and on the Italian frontier has been very severe. Last week violent snowstorms and avalanches fell on the Simplon Pass, the village of Simplon being snowbound for two days.

THE STATUE OF THE DUKE OF ALBANY, which the Prince of Wales unveiled on Sunday, at St. George's Memorial Chapel, Cannes, is an excellent likeness of the deceased Prince. It is the Queen's gift, and is a replica of Sir E. Boehm's figure in the Windsor Chapel, though executed by a local sculptor, M. Pelligrini. The Duke is represented in a recumbent position, life-size, and wearing Highland dress, with his feet resting on a helmet. His right hand is folded over his heart, while his left points to a passage in the book he was reading the night before he died. The figure reposes on a Gothic sarcophagus, supported by red marble columns, with carved white stone capitals, and the monument stands in a tiny special chapel within the Church, which itself was built as a memorial to the Duke.

MR. STANLEY will meet with a most elaborate welcome on reaching Brussels about April 20th. A public reception will be prepared at the railway-station, whence Mr. Stanley will be escorted in procession to the Town Hall, and subsequently to the Royal Palace, a banquet being given to him at the Town Hall in the evening. King Leopold has arranged a garden-party at Laeken and a dance in his honour; a State performance at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, and a banquet from the Society of Engineers form part of the programme, and Antwerp will organize grand festivities for the 25th before Mr. Stanley leaves for London on the following day, travelling *via* Ostend. Meanwhile, Mr. Stanley has received the Diploma of Membership of the Khédivial Geographical Society, presented with much ceremony at a grand meeting at Cairo. He left on Monday for Cannes, where he is expected to-morrow (Sunday).

LONDON MORTALITY continues low. The deaths during the week ending March 29th numbered 1,571 against 1,637 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 66, and 265 below the average, the death rate going down to 18.5 per 1,000—the lowest rate yet recorded this year. Owing to the influenza epidemic and the prevalence of chest affections, the death rate of the first quarter of 1890 has averaged 23.6 per 1,000—1.0 higher than the rate for the corresponding period of the last ten years. However, the fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs have now fallen to 375 (a decline of 6), including 13 from influenza (a decrease of 9). There were 101 deaths from whooping-cough (a rise of 25), 45 from measles (similar to the previous week), 30 from diphtheria (an advance of 7), 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 1), 10 from scarlet fever (a decrease of 1), 7 from enteric fever (similar to the preceding week) and one from an ill-defined form of fever. Different forms of violence caused 61 deaths, including one execution. There were 2,543 births registered—an increase of 9, but 328 under the usual return.





1. Going his rounds to see that the men are quiet our newest "Sub" sees a pair of legs emerge from beneath a tent
2. He pounces on them, and proceeds to drag the offender forth
3. When, to his horror, the legs suddenly give way, being in fact nothing more than a pair of regulation boots, tied to a pair of trousers stuffed with blankets

4. The dummy is next provided with a tunic and helmet, and declared to be "a man with sunstroke." The regimental doctor (who is somewhat short-sighted) declares unhesitatingly that "the man is dead!"
5. Discipline is not strictly maintained. (N.B.—This is a sentry)
6. Another sentry, who will grin when saluting
7. We have a sham fight. The enemy were covered by a photographer, and our force was weakened by the

tendency of our skirmishers to patronise an ice-cream man who had taken up his position on the field of battle

8. One of our men was overcome (doubtless by his exertions in the battle), and had to be carried back thus
9. On the way home we make an ambush, and when the enemy come abreast of us pour in a hot fire—only discovering when too late that we were massacring our own men, the colonel included

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Mrs. Goschen.  
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The Committee appeal most earnestly for funds to enable them to assist a large number of ladies in Ireland, who have, through the non-payment of their rents, suddenly fallen from comfort to poverty, and to the verge of starvation.  
Employment is found for those able to work, while small pensions, food, and clothing are given to the aged and infirm.  
Relief is administered without reference to creed or politics.  
A register is kept of governesses, companions, &c. A depot has been opened for the sale of the work (both plain and fancy) of these ladies.  
Contributions will be gratefully received by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor, by the Bank of England, by Messrs. R. Levy, Ransom, and Co., 1, Pall Mall East, W.; by the National Provincial Bank of England, Bishopsgate Street, E.C.; by Messrs. Coutts and Co., Strand, W.C.; by Messrs. Hoare and Co., Fleet Street, E.C.; by Messrs. Henry S. King and Co., 45, Pall Mall, S.W.; or by the Secretary, W. M. LEE'S, Major-General, Secretary, Office and Work Depot, 66, South Audley Street, W.

**HOMES for the AGED POOR.**  
The object of this Charity is to relieve deserving poor persons from the sad necessity of passing their last years in a workhouse. To this end Homes are provided, in which such persons have a room rent free, as well as the advantage and comfort of medical attention in sickness. The qualifications for admission are that applicants be fully sixty years old, of unquestionable respectability, and unable to obtain from any source a larger income than six shillings; or, if married, a common income for the couple not exceeding ten shillings per week.  
Eight of such homes have already been opened at 7, 9, 11, 15, and 17, Minford Gardens, West Kensington Park; 25 and 27, St. George's Road, Notting Hill; and 65, Watlington Road, St. Peter's Park, Paddington. They are all open to visitors between the hours of 2 and 5 p.m.  
All these homes are now full, and although 12 new inmates were admitted during 1889, there are still over 70 applicants anxiously waiting for admission. There does not, however, seem to be any hope of this greatly needed charity being enlarged to any extent, until some portion at least of the existing mortgages is paid off. These amount to £2,500 on four of the six freehold houses that have been acquired in Minford Gardens (five of them used as homes and one let) and the large home in Watlington Road.  
Under these circumstances the Committee seek additional subscriptions and donations, and ask friends who are interested in the aged, and sympathise with their special difficulties and trials, to visit one or more of these homes, where they will witness for themselves the amount of comfort and happiness secured to each pensioner at a yearly cost to the Charity of about four guineas per head.  
Subscriptions may be sent to, and any further information obtained from, the Hon. Secretaries, the Misses Harrison, 4, Grandacre Terrace, Ankerly, S.E.

**DEATH.**  
COX—On the 25th ult., at 19, John Campbell Road, Stoke Newington, N., Mr. WILLIAM EDWARD COX, aged 60.

**OETZMANN and CO. SALE.**  
67, 69, 71, 73, 75, 77, and 79, HAMPSTEAD ROAD. (Near Tottenham Court Road and Gower St. Station.)  
SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Street, and Piccadilly Circus.

**OETZMANN and CO. SALE.**  
EXTENSION OF PREMISES.

**GREAT CLEARANCE SALE**  
COMMENCES MONDAY, APRIL 14th.  
OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

**EXTENSION OF PREMISES.**  
SALE COMMENCES MONDAY APRIL 14th.

**ILLUSTRATED particulars post**  
FREE.  
GREAT CLEARANCE SALE.  
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OETZMANN and CO., Hampstead Road.

**OETZMANN and CO.**  
CABINET MAKERS, UPHOLSTERERS, DECORATORS, and COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHERS.

**HAMPSTEAD ROAD**  
(NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD AND GOWER STREET STATION.)  
SHILLING CAB FARES from Charing Cross, Euston, King's Cross, St. Pancras, and Waterloo Stations, Regent Street, and Piccadilly.

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## THE GRAPHIC

## OLD COFFEE-HOUSE LIFE

BEFORE the middle of the seventeenth century the only public centres for social intercourse in this country were the taverns. Francis Beaumont has celebrated the wit combats at the Mermaid, where Shakespeare and Ben Jonson held high revel, when the words flashed "so nimble and so full of subtle flame." At the Devil Tavern in Fleet Street Jonson was acknowledged king, and the neophyte, when tried and found worthy, was there duly sealed of the tribe of Ben. The immortal Boar's Head in Eastcheap, haunted by the memories of Falstaff and Dame Quickly, the Garter Inn at Windsor, and many other hostilities rendered famous by the old dramatists, all serve to remind us of the leading part played in social intercourse of the olden time by the taverns, and the way-faring and other life that centred round them.

Burton, in "The Anatomy of Melancholy," speaks of the coffee-houses of the Turks as resembling in the uses that they served the English taverns. The introduction into this country of the coffee-berrie, and the public sale of the fragrant drink obtained therefrom, brought about a change. The first coffee-house in London was established in 1652, and in a few years a large number of these social resorts were open to the public. Coffee and tea very rapidly became favourite beverages, but there were other causes for the great popularity of the coffee-houses. In the reaction from the dulness and repression and sullen domesticity of the Puritan times, people went to the other extreme, and lived in public to a much greater extent than had ever before been customary in England. The coffee-houses just hit the taste of the times. Within their walls men of all ranks in life assembled day by day to see and be seen, to talk and to listen, to discuss politics, the news, foreign and domestic, literature and the drama—everything, in short, that was of the slightest public interest. "Quicquid agunt homines" might have been the motto of the coffee-houses during their palmy days, that is, from the Restoration to near the middle of the eighteenth century.

An outlay of a penny or twopence made the visitor free of the house, and for this small sum the poorest customer as well as the richest could enjoy all the advantages, such as they were, of what was then the only equivalent for the modern club. Men love talk just as much as women are supposed to do, and the coffee-houses were centres for gossip and tittle-tattle, as well as for more rational conversation. The appetite for chatter grows by what it feeds upon, and a constant running about to see and to hear some new thing by those whose time, even in those days of leisure, meant money, naturally often led to neglect of business, and consequent loss and misfortune. Moralists were not slow to point this out. In a pamphlet called "The Worth of a Penny," printed in 1676, the writer warns his readers against idle society, where a great deal of time is squandered away at a cheap rate, and instances the coffee-houses where, he says, "little money is pretended to be spent, but a great deal of precious time is lost."

He describes the daily habit of a tradesman who goes to the coffee-house in the morning and spends an hour in smoking and talking and twopence for his morning's draught, and in the evening spends at his club another twopence and three or four more hours, on which expenditure of fourpence, added to the money missed at his trade by the loss of time, the writer bases a calculation which shows the gossiping tradesman to be largely out of pocket in the course of a year by his patronage of the coffee-houses.

The interior of one of these old temples of gossip would not appear very attractive to the modern frequenter of clubs. Luxurious furniture and appointments were then unknown. The

room was divided into boxes, and to and fro on the sanded floor ran the busy drawers, or waiters, whose costume bore but little resemblance to that of their modern successors. The walls were hung with flaming advertisements of quack medicines, which were then almost as numerous, and as profitable a source of income to their proprietors, as they are to-day.

The puffing announcements of pills and tinctures, electuaries, and number the diseases. On the wall, in an imposing gilt frame, might be seen the bill of "Squire's Grand Elixir, or the Great Restorative of the World, so much on the Wings of Fame, for Consumption, fresh Colds, Coughs," &c. The cautious proprietor of this Elixir added at the end of a long list of ailments to be cured thereby a note to purchasers and agents that "Ready-Money is expected of all Strangers, especially for the first Parcel." The once famous Daffy's Elixir was prominent in the advertisements of this time. So early as 1685 Mrs. Daffy was informing an attentive world, through the medium of the *London Gazette*, that since her husband's death she had moved to the Two Blue Posts and Golden Ball in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, where any person could be furnished with "Dr. Daffy's Elixir."

The coffee-house proprietors, in addition to their regular trade in the ordinary beverages ordered by their customers, acted as agents for the sale of many of these quack medicines, as well as of the Epsom and other mineral waters.

A certain "Royal Bitter Tincture," described as "much experienced and highly approved," in the usual variety of troubles and diseases, and to be taken in doses of forty or sixty drops in wine, coffee, tea, brandy, or any other liquor, was on sale at such well-known houses as the St. James's, Sam's, the Marine, and Tom's in Devereux Court. The mineral water from Epsom Old Well was sold at Sam's, and one or two other coffee-houses. A "ticket of the seal of the Wells" was said to be affixed to water so sold in order that people "might not be cheated in their waters."

At one end of the coffee-room was the bar, where messages were left, and letters taken in for known customers, and where the female attendants chatted and flirted with young and handsome beaux to the neglect of the older and plainer customers in a manner that has become hereditary among barmaids. One great attraction of the coffee-house to many of its frequenters was the opportunity it afforded of reading the various news-sheets and periodical publications. The coffee-house was the public reading-room. There the quidnunc and the politician could study the *London Gazette*, and, during the Session, the Parliamentary votes. The various periodical essays as they appeared were eagerly welcomed and perused by a host of the regular customers, and the successive numbers of each publication were kept filed in the coffee-room for purposes of reference, and for the continual delectation of the lovers of literature.

Swift, in his *Journal to Stella*, in November, 1711, says:—"Do you read the *Spectator*? I never do; they never come in my way; I go to no coffee-houses."

When the *Tatler* came to an abrupt termination, its disappearance was bewailed as a general calamity, and, says Gay, "the coffee-houses began to be sensible that the Esquire's lucubrations alone had brought them more customers than all their other newspapers put together." Joy was doubtless restored to the frequenters, and peace to the minds of the proprietors, of the reading-rooms, by the speedy appearance of the *Spectator* in succession to the defunct *Bickerstaff*.

The coffee-houses were often also used for writing purposes. Several of Steele's love-letters to Miss Scurlock, afterwards his

wife, were written from the St. James's, and, after his marriage, many of the little notes that he was continually sending to his "dear Prue" were indited at the Tennis-Court, Button's, and other popular coffee-houses. Stella's letters to Swift were addressed at first under cover to Addison, and, after the breach in their friendship to Swift direct, to be left at the St. James's, where they were stuck in the glass frame behind the bar until they were called for. It must have been rather a difficult task to write love-letters amidst the distractions and hum of a busy coffee-house. A poem of 1690 says that—

The murmuring buzz which through the room was sent,  
Did bee-hives' noise exactly represent,  
And like a bee-hive, too, 'twas filled, and thick,  
All tasting of the Honey Politick  
Called "news," which they all greedily sucked in.

"News" was the chief attraction at the St. James's; fashion and pleasure in the form of dice and cards drew crowds of scented and curled beaux to White's. Literature and the drama were patronised at Will's, and afterwards, in succession, at Button's and the Bedford. Lloyd's, in Lombard Street, was famous for auctions. In a poem called "The Wealthy Shopkeeper," published in 1700, there is the allusion—

Then to Lloyd's coffee-house he never fails,  
To read the letters, and attend the sales.

Whist was the chief attraction about 1730 at the Crown in Bedford Row. Jonathan's Coffee-House, in Exchange Alley, was a great centre for speculators during the disastrous year of 1720. Squire's, near Gray's Inn Gate, is for ever associated with the memory of Sir Roger de Coverley. The picture drawn by Addison of the knight at this house gives a vivid glimpse of coffee-house life. Sir Roger seated himself at the upper end of the high table, and "called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the Supplement, with such an air of cheerfulness and good humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room, who seemed to take pleasure in that all the boys in the coffee-room, who seemed to take pleasure in serving him, were at once employed on his several errands, inasmuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea until the knight had got all his conveniences about him."

The Smyrna was beloved of Addison and Steele, of Prior and Swift. The clergy resorted to Child's, and later in the century to St. Paul's and the Chapter Coffee-Houses. It was at the latter house, then in its extreme old age, that Charlotte Brontë and her sister stopped on their first visit to London after the publication of "Jane Eyre." Serle's, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, was sacred to the legal profession, and the Grecian, in Devereux Court, Strand, was devoted to learning. At the latter house a fatal duel once resulted from an argument about a Greek accent. Such tragic incidents, however, are very rare in the annals of the coffee-houses. Any approach to violence, or bullying language, or impropriety of demeanour, on the part of an individual was usually resented by the general body of customers, and the obnoxious person, if not silenced, was speedily ejected. Good humour, good manners, and cheerful conversation were the usual features of the gatherings that, under so many different roofs, gave a distinctive character to the social life of London for some seventy or eighty years after the restoration of Charles II.

G. L. A.

AUSTRIAN RAILWAYS will adopt the new zone tariff system on June 1st, similar to the plan which is so successful in Hungary. Austria will be divided into twenty-six zones, and return and season tickets will be abolished, while luggage must be paid for.

## CHARLES GREEN, THE CABMAN

From the WOLVERHAMPTON CHRONICLE.



We have just learned of the thrilling experience of the well-known cabman, Charles Green, 42, Rabey Street, who for many years has been employed by the Wilson Cab Company, Wolverhampton. His experience, as related below, is as interesting as it is extraordinary. It appears that Mr. Green had occasion recently to go out of town, remaining over night, and was obliged to sleep in a damp bed, and thereby contracted rheumatism in the most severe form. It seemed to settle all over him; he was brought home, put to bed, and for more than eight weeks could not move hand or foot. His agony was such that he would scream if any one came into the room for fear they would touch him. His knees were swollen to three times their natural size. He was taken to the Wolverhampton Hospital, where he remained four weeks, at the end of which time he was discharged as incurable. He was taken home, where his wife persuaded him, as a last resort, to try St. Jacobs Oil. Green remarking at the time to his wife, "that if St. Jacobs Oil cured him he would buy her a new frock," little expecting, however, that he would have that pleasure. His wife then had a double interest in curing her husband. She applied half the contents of one bottle to his knees, rubbing the parts vigorously for half an hour, when she left the room for a few minutes. On returning she was surprised to hear Green say, "I shall have to buy you a new frock, for I can turn myself and move my legs." Continuing to use this famous Oil, Green commenced to improve, and after using the contents of four bottles he was out and on his cab at work in all weathers, and as well and as hearty as ever he was in his life. He was laid up four months altogether, perfectly helpless.

## NOBILITY OF LIFE.



"Who best can suffer best can do."—MILTON.

The Victorian Reign is unparalleled in the history of Great Empires for its Purity, Goodness, and Greatness!!!

ABOVE ALL!!! A FEARLESS DEVOTION TO DUTY AND UNFLINCHING TRUTHFULNESS!

THE QUEEN'S PRIZE!

The Condition laid down by the QUEEN for the Prize given by HER MAJESTY to the Marine Boys are these—Cheerful Submission to Superiors; Self-Respect and Independence of Character; Kindness and Protection to the Weak; Readiness to Forgive Offence; a Desire to Conciliate the Differences of others; and, above all, Fearless Devotion to Duty and Unflinching Truthfulness.

Such principles, if evoked and carried into action, would produce an almost perfect moral character in EVERY CONDITION OF LIFE.—SMILES.

SHAKESPEARE and DUTY.

"Come the four corners of the world in arms,  
And we shall shock them: non shall make us rue,  
If ENGLAND to HERSELF DO REST BUT TRUE."

THE PIVOT OF DUTY.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose; without it Life is a sham.

THE GREAT DANGER OF SUGAR, PINK or CHEMICALLY COLOURED SHERBET, or ACIDULATED SHERBET MASKED WITH SUGAR.—Experience shows that sugar, pink or chemically coloured sherbet, or acidulated sherbet masked with sugar, mild ales, port wine, dark sherry, sweet champagne, liqueurs, and brandies are all very apt to disarrange; while Felt's white wines and gin or old whisky, rarely diluted with seltzer water, will be found the least objectionable. ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" is peculiarly adapted for any constitutional weakness of the liver. It possesses the power of reparation when digestion has been disturbed or lost, and places the invalid on the right track to health.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

Prepared only at Eno's "Fruit Salt" Works, London, S.E., by J. C. Eno's Patent

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Drawn in Crayon from life or photograph, 3-inch head, nicely mounted on card-board, 15 in. by 11 in., 10s. 6d., post free. These drawings are lifelike in resemblance, being exquisitely finished, and can only be compared to fine engravings. Tinted Crayon, water-colour, or in oil on canvas, 12 in. by 10 in., highly finished, £1 1s.—JOHN BOOL, Artist from Royal Academy, National Medallist, 86, Warwick Street, Belgravia.



## SPRING NOVELTIES AT JAY'S.

"As usual at this season of the year, Jay's Mourning Warehouse, Regent Street, is to the fore with a splendid assortment of new materials for spring and summer wear. To the fact that grey is to be the prevailing colour this season is attributable the numberless shades of that favourite tint on view at this house. Black greening will also be much worn as the weather gets warmer, and in this material there is an endless variety of designs amongst those at Jay's. In silks, brocades, and all detached, the floral designs being specially attractive and handsome in the extreme."

Court Circular, March 8, 1890.

## NEW PARIS MILLINERY.

"Dainty and delicate confections in the way of hats and bonnets for the spring fresh from the most famous Parisian ateliers may be seen just now at Jay's.—*Lady's Pictorial*, March 22, 1890.

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"In reply to many inquiries, we recommend the Midson Jay. This house, long established, makes mourning a specialty, and is excelled by no other house in London for the beauty of the work, the quality of the materials, or the style of manufacture."

REGENT STREET, LONDON.

Ladies are requested to write for Patterns of  
THE CELEBRATED  
"LOUIS" VELVETEEN  
IN BLACK AND ALL NEW COLOURS,  
TO  
THOS. WALLIS & CO., HOLBORN CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.

THE NEW JAPANESE LOTUS-LILY PERFUMERY

**HASU-NO-HANA** REGD

Marvellously Fragrant!

PERFUME, 2 6 & 5.  
SOAP, SACHET & DENTIFRICE, 1/- EACH.

**J. GROSSMITH, SON & CO.**  
Wholesale Perfumers & Fine Soap Makers  
(EMPORIUM OF ORIENTAL ODOURS.)  
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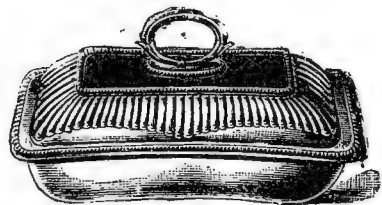
ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST POST FREE.



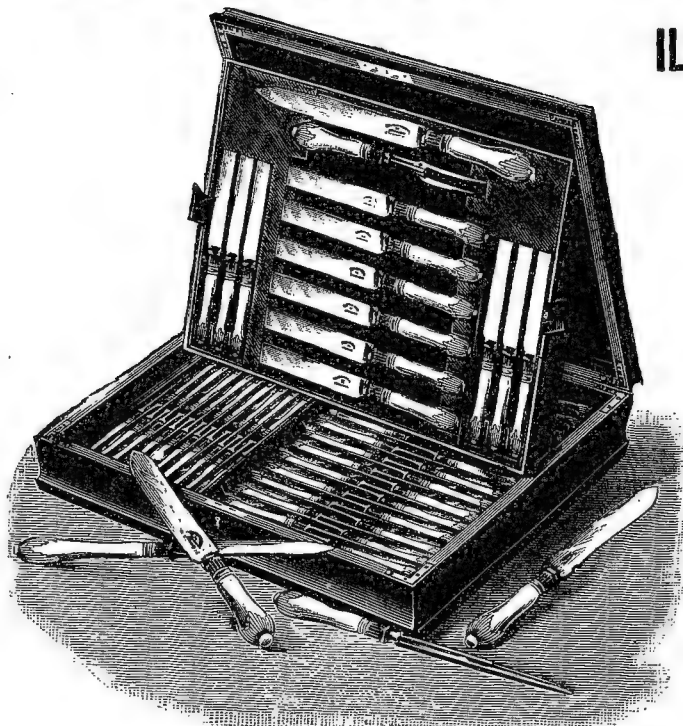
Four Chased Solid Silver Salts and Spoons, in Rich Morocco Case, lined Silk, Acorn Design, £3 15s.  
Six in Case, £5 15s.



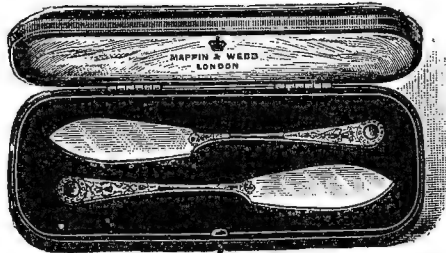
Afternoon Tea Set. Best Electro-Silver, 10 Cups, Plain, £6 10s.  
Engraved, £8



Fluted Oblong Side Dish  
Heaviest Plating, £3 15s.  
Warmer, with Top Plate, £3 15s.



Service of Table and Cheese Knives, completely fitted in Polished Mahogany or Walnut Case, lined Cloth, as illustrated.  
Contents:  
2 dozen Table Knives; 1 pair (each 8 in. and 9 in.) Meat Carvers; 1 Bread Knife.  
2 dozen Cheese Knives; 2 pairs Game Carvers; 1 Steel.  
These Knives are fitted with the finest African Ivory Handles, beautifully carved as illustrated, with Solid Silver Ferules.  
Price, complete, £38 10s.



Two Sterling Silver Butter Knives.  
In Morocco Case, £1 10s.; Smaller Size, £1 1s.



Engraved Cut-Glass Claret Jug, Sterling Silver Mounts, £4 15s.



Handsomely Chased and Fluted, with Coloured Globe and Chimney, and Duplex Burner. Height, 21 in. Electro-Silver, £5 5s.



Escalloped Butter Shell and Knife, with glass lining, 12s. 6d.

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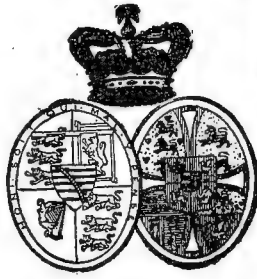


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seem to grow every year more tasteful and more artistic, and it is a certain fact that the fur garments of the present day are cut with a precision and accuracy, and fitted with an artistic skill, which were totally unknown some ten or fifteen years ago. THIS IS ESPECIALLY THE CASE AT THE INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE, 163 AND 198, REGENT STREET, where the latest novelties in fur garments of the best quality and smartest design may always be found.—Extract.

**INTERNATIONAL FUR STORE,**  
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS,  
163 AND 198, REGENT STREET,  
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By Warrants of Appointment  
to  
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN  
and other  
MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL  
FAMILY.



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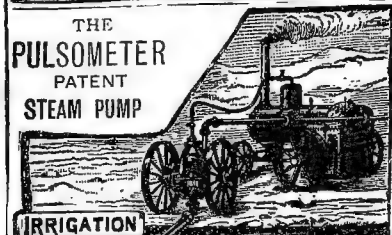
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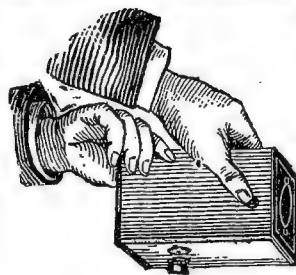
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**Oriental Tooth Paste.**  
OVER 60 YEARS IN USE.  
OF PERFUMERS AND CHEMISTS. 1s. 6d. AND 2s. 6d. POTS  
CAUTION.—The Genuine only is Signed JEWSBURY and BROWN.



**HANDIEST STEAM PUMP**  
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Specially suitable for Contractors' Work of all kinds, Pumping Water from Wells of moderate depth, Irrigating, Pumping Sewage, Sludge, &c., &c.  
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GENERAL WATER SUPPLIES to FACTORIES, ESTATES, &c.  
Extremely Simple, Portable, and Durable  
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CORSETS made from measurement, and specially fitted, from 2½ to 10 guineas.  
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SELECTED FRENCH CORSETS, from 1 guinea.  
Full Descriptive Circulars and Measurement Forms on application.  
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HAND MADE IN THE BEST STYLE.  
£12, £25, £47, £63  
Set for Patterns. £3 3 0  
Layettees for India, £22, £31.  
Handsome Christening Robes and Cloaks, Babies Frocks, trimmed real lace, &c. Goods sent on approval with prices plainly marked, on receipt of reference or deposit.  
Full Price List of Trousseaux, Layettes, Registered Swanbill Corsets and Belts sent post free.  
ADDLEY BOURNE, 174, Sloane Street, Belgravia.

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THE DEAF MAY HEAR.

THE AUROPHONE is a new Scientific Invention of an Invisible Apparatus to be worn in the ear. It is easily inserted or withdrawn by any one, and will almost invariably restore hearing to anyone not stone deaf. It can be tested ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST at THE AUROPHONE Co's Rooms, 39, Baker Street, London. Pamphlet sent free and post paid.

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"AUTUMN" . . . J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.  
"THE FAIRY" . . . " "  
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## THE GRAPHIC



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—New and revised editions of the *Messiah* (Handel) and *Elijah* (Mendelssohn) have just been published by this firm; they are convenient in form, and clearly printed; and their prices place them within the reach of all musical amateurs. —The current issue of Boosey and Co.'s edition of "Oratorios, Masses, Cantatas, &c.," is *St. Paul* (Mendelssohn); this also is a boon to the musical public, who are greatly indebted to the above-named publishers for these and many other cheap and excellent publications—foremost amongst which may be mentioned "The Cavendish Music Books," No. 111, "Oratorio Gems," is the Grand Mendelssohn Number (second selection), which contains twelve of the favourite songs from *Elijah* and *St. Paul*, together with the beautiful anthem, "Hear My Prayer," arranged as a solo only. —"Album of Six Songs," music by Florence Aylward, is well worthy the attention of amateur soprano singers; prettiest of the set are, "The Boat of My Lover," words by Miss Murdoch; "An Egyptian Lament," words by Lew Wallace; and "The Milkmaid's Song," words by Lord Tennyson.—Vol. II. of "Six Plantation Songs with Choruses," words and music by Alfred Scott Gatty, are bright and melodious; the solos of these songs should be sung by a baritone; the accompaniments for the pianoforte have been written with a view to imitating the banjo, and should be treated accordingly. There is a special edition of the first volume of these songs published with guitar or banjo accompaniments.—Under the generic title of "Violin Gems" will be found an excellent collection of pieces for the violin and pianoforte, for the most part of a classical type; although there are not a few of a more popular style. Both the old and new masters are well represented; we can cordially commend this series to the attention of teachers as well as students; in each of the five volumes issued will be found some veritable gems.—We are glad to find that some of our popular song-writers are again to the fore after a somewhat long rest. For two songs Frank L. Moir has composed the pleasing music; prettier of the two is "Sea Dreams," the words by F. E. Weatherly; of "Early Spring," a dainty poem by Jessie Moir, the words are better than the music.—Two very pleasing ballads for a mezzo-soprano, written and composed by Amélie Rives and Frances Allitsen, are "My Bonny Curl" and "My Laddie."—A song which will make a pleasing and lasting impression is "Home, Dearie, Home," the touching words by F. E. Weatherly, the music by J. L. Molloy.—There is a quaint prettiness in "My Love's an Arbutus," the words by A. P. Graves, the music arranged from an old Irish melody by C. Villiers Stanford.—A meet companion for the above is "The Highland Plaid," an old Scotch melody, the words by Tannahill, the music arranged by "A. L."—There is much pathos in "Twice Surely Fate," words by Clifton Bingham, music by Hope Temple; both poet and composer are heard at their best in this charming song.—A tender love song, for a bass or baritone, is "Deep in the Valley," words by Miss Muloch, music by Florence Aylward.—Of the same type as the above is "Story and Song," written and com-

posed by Cunningham Bridgman and Ivan Caryll, suitable for a tenor.—"The Truest Gentleman," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by A. H. Behrend, expresses sentiments which are the reverse of flattering to those of high estate.—"Corinne Valse," by Ernest Bucalossi, and "Come Along Polka," by A. H. Behrend, are very satisfactory specimens of dance music.



THE SEASON.—The dweller in the towns is seldom pleased with rain, though it needs must be that the country often requires a liberal downpour. It is, therefore, a happy coincidence when both are satisfied, as they have been during the past week, the days having been as bright and sunny (Easter Monday morning excepted) as the townsman engaged in holiday-making could desire, while the nights without actual frost have yet had a lowering of temperature sufficiently important to check vegetation, and keep back from an excessive forwardness of development the leaf-buds which the sun of daylight hours had stimulated to the verge of unfolding. Peach and plum blossom is indeed already out, and some apple blossom is appearing, from the sight of which fruit cultivators in the first week of April can snatch but a very "fearful joy."

SPRING ARRIVALS.—The willow wren was seen at Minching, near Orsett, in Essex, on March 29th, and the wheatear was observed on the sandhills near Redcar on the same day. The martin has regularly established itself at that always early locality, Kingsbridge, in South Devon. Its arrival was fixed for the 27th of March. The true swallow was seen at Kettering—a Midland town—on 30th of March, and the house martin on the following day. The true swallow was seen at Seaton, in Devon, on 30th of March. Mr. Clayfield Ireland may satisfy himself as to woodpigeons visiting Lincoln's Inn Fields by a visit any day at the present time. We did not know that their numbers had increased so greatly of recent years as he indicates in his remark that "in Hyde Park to the north of the Row you may sometimes count as many as fifty at a time."

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—This Society has now published full and detailed accounts of its expenses and receipts, and the extraordinary outlay on the Windsor Show is being made the subject of much discussion both within the club and without it. The general feeling seems to be that 5,000*l.* deficit is an unpardonable result from a highly-successful and well-attended Exhibition, but as Jubilee Shows are not exactly frequent occurrences the remarks which have reached us on the subject are much like those of the gentleman who vowed never to spend so much money again on his own coming of age. The Society have commenced economies by knocking off the annual excursion to Woburn. Mr. Terry, of Aylesbury, succeeds the late Mr. H. J. Little on the Council, and it is probable that the two vacancies still

unfilled will be given to Lord Broughton and Mr. Joseph Beach. It is no disrespect to these gentlemen to say that several names of agriculturists will at once suggest themselves as more prominent at the present moment. The Society throws away a rare chance of regaining popularity by having three seats to give—if it had so chosen—to leading representatives of the tenant-farmer interest.

THE SHIRE HORSE SOCIETY braved ridicule, and met on the 1st of April. Nor was their hardihood mistaken, for thirty-nine new members came up for election and duly qualified. Mr. Chandos Pole Gell, in taking the chair, said that against this gratifying sign had to be set the heavy loss on the recent Show at Islington. It is to be hoped that a deficit of nearly 600*l.* on an excellent and popular Show will induce the Society to recognise that, taught by experience, or spoilt by facilities elsewhere, the London sightseer is no longer prepared to trudge to North London, or even adventure the out-of-way journey by omnibus or cab. Once a year the great Fat Stock Show of the Smithfield Club draws a concourse to the North, but the ordinary visitor likes to unite a Show of horses with some other sight near at hand. It is in the isolation of Islington that the chief drawback lies. The Society has voted 20*l.* to the London Cart Horse Parade. A party in the Society are opposed to exhibiting mares in March, and wish to hold two Shows a year, one in the early spring at Islington, and the other, in the summer or autumn, to be a peripatetic Show. A meeting will be held on May 6th to consider this question.

NATURALISM.—After all that has been done with respect to "putting agriculture on a scientific basis," and all that has been written on the care of stock, the need of this or that appliance in farm buildings and so forth, it is a trifle disconcerting to find the *Field* preaching naturalism in leading articles, and telling the wealthy amateurs, who are its principal readers, that expensive homesteadings are a positive mistake. About elaborate housing of stock there hangs persistently, we are told, both accident and disease. "In plain truth the treatment of farm stock has become too artificial; and it is natural and not artificial conditions which best promote health. For one calf or foal which dies from exposure, ten go to the bad from cramp and taint; and both of these plagues are rarely long absent from costly farm buildings. Whether landlords or the State ought to step in to help the crippled tenantry of our farms to become stock-breeders on a large scale is a problem of which we do not venture to attempt the solution, but we are quite sure that this most desirable end will never be accomplished by putting up expensive erections of stone or brick, with slated roofs and so forth."

WHITE AND YELLOW, the latest of the æsthetic fashions in the way of colour harmonies, has a splendid and seasonable exemplar in the Horsfield Daffodil, which is a big narcissus, with white segments and a chalice of bright bold clear yellow. Mr. John Horsfield was a poor Lancashire weaver, with a taste for horticulture in a small way. We believe he left just two dozen of these bulbs at his death, and we have heard that they fetched eighteenpence apiece. The plant requires rich, well-prepared, and strong soil, but it does not need much of it, and therefore growers should not be deterred.

COUNTRY AGRICULTURE.—The collapse of the Gloucestershire Agricultural Society has been followed by a similar event in

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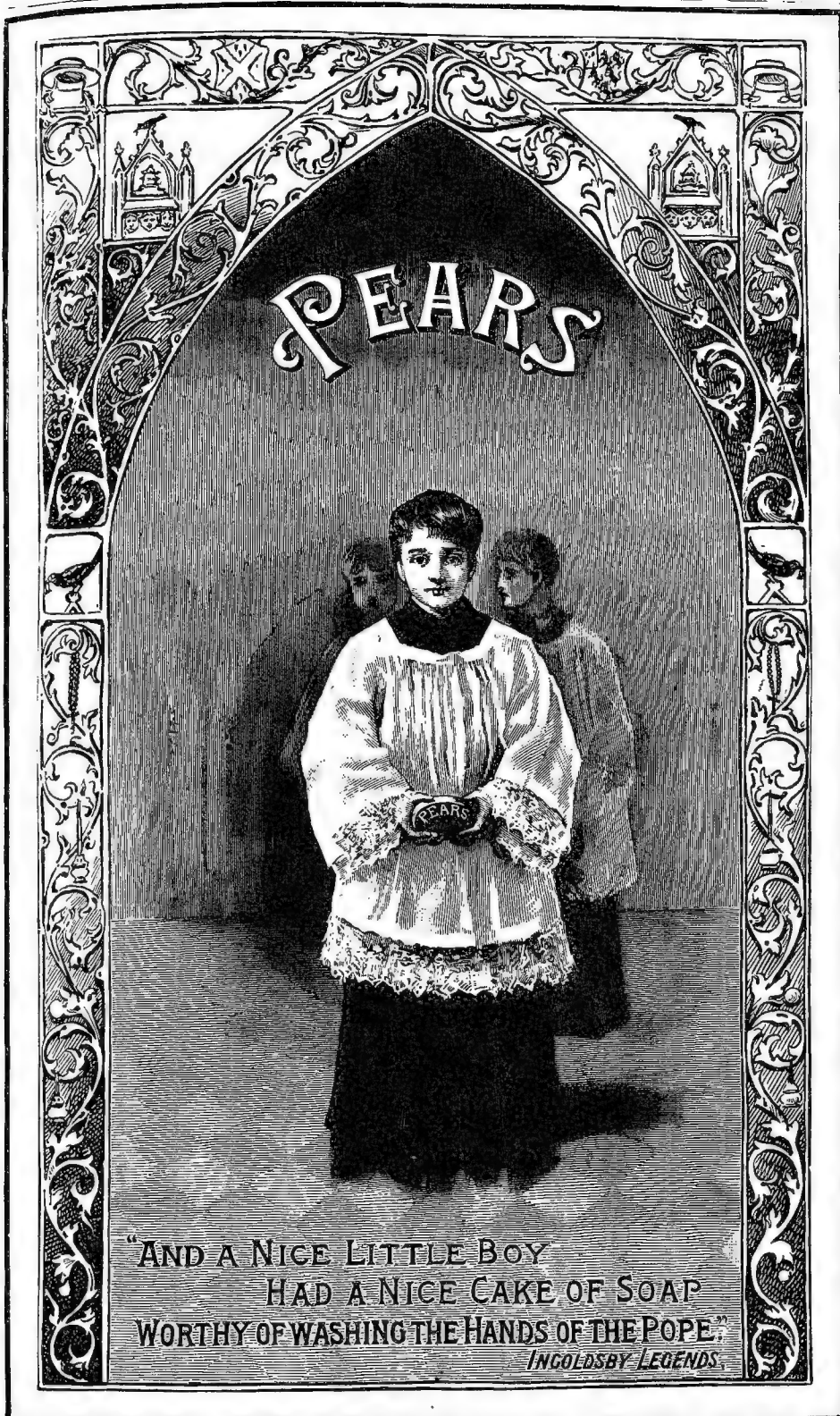
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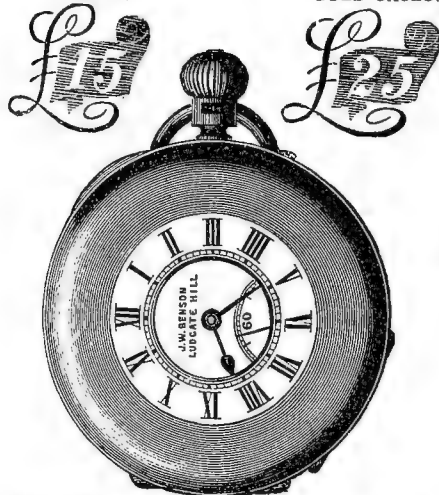
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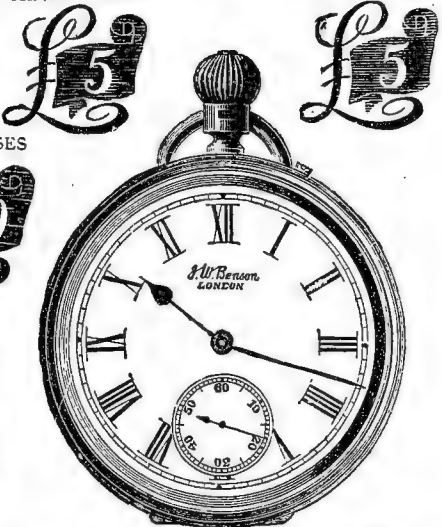
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Hertfordshire, where we should have thought that such leaders of "the country party" as the Marquis of Salisbury, the Earl of Lytton, and Baron Dimsdale, would of themselves have kept it going if need were. In Nottingham a third case has nearly been found, but here happily a burst of local patriotism has brought to the front such leading county gentlemen as Lords Belper and Manvers, and Mr. Foljambe. The Secretary, Mr. Barron, has been infected with the same generous taint, and has offered his services for a year for nothing. With these aids the Society has pulled itself together, and a Show will be held on July 9th and 10th at Woollaton Park.

MR. HENRY WOODS is dead. Lord Walsingham's agent was a type of what the representative of a great landowner may be at his best. A gentleman and a welcome companion of his patron and his patron's friends, he was also intimate with the tenantry, and a master of all the farming art which they lived by practising. Could such an agent as Mr. Woods have been planted on each of the great Irish estates, the most assiduous of agitators would hardly have succeeded in provoking discontent. Mr. Woods, after serving as second agent under the late Duke of Portland, at Welbeck, was appointed head agent to the Earl of Walsingham in 1857. The Earl having property of some extent in Yorkshire as well as his big holdings in Suffolk and Norfolk, the agency was no light task, but Mr. Woods soon mastered the customs of all three counties, and it was difficult to say among which set of tenants he was the more popular. His principal personal liking—for every true

countryman has a country hobby—was for Southdown sheep, and he raised the Merton flocks into close rivalry of excellence with those of the Prince of Wales at Sandringham, and of Mr. J. J. Colman at Carrow House. His lectures on sheep management and on sheep maladies were delivered quietly enough at the small local Society of Wayland. But their value did not escape the agricultural Press, and very shortly they were published in French and German as well as in English.

**CATTLE.**—During March there were twenty-four fresh outbreaks of pleuro-pneumonia, sixteen being English and the remainder Scotch. The only Scotch counties infected are Midlothian and Perth, but in England there are four areas infected, the first being Kent and London, the second Hampshire, the third Cumberland and Lancashire, and the fourth Stafford. The number of cattle attacked was 100 in England and 50 in Scotland, but the slaughtering ordered was very extensive; 360 in England, and 287 in the North. Ireland is also affected by this disease, but the returns are not so heavy as those of Great Britain.

**IVY ON WALLS.**—A medical contemporary, the name of which will at once occur to our readers, has earned a delightful reputation for the discovery of new terrors. But personally we must avow a preference for the procedure of a very old North-country paper, the *Newcastle Courant*, which seeks fame apparently in the direction of disestablishing ancient fears. Thus we have been told again and again how ivy and creepers may add to the æsthetic charm of old country houses, but then "they bring the damp, you know!"

Well, our Northumbrian apologist says roundly that they do nothing of the kind. "The growth of ivy over a house renders the walls entirely free from damp, the ivy extracting every particle of moisture from wood, brick, and stone for its own sustenance, by means of its tiny roots, which work their way into even the hardest stone. The overlapping leaves of the ivy conduct water falling on them from point to point until it reaches the ground, without allowing the walls to receive any moisture whatever from the beating rain. Ivy tends greatly to equalise the temperature of the house by preventing the walls from undue heat in the summer, and cooling in winter." In case of a wall becoming old, and the stones getting cracked or loose, the tendrils take such a firm hold, and insert themselves so firmly into every cranny, hole, and crevice, that they bind and keep the wall good and substantial years beyond what it would otherwise be.

"COBWEB PARTIES" have been fashionable in Transatlantic circles as a quiet social diversion during the past Lent. A web of narrow coloured ribbons was arranged in the centre of the room, with silken threads woven in and out in a perplexing tangle. Each guest was given one of these threads, and was expected to disentangle it without a single breakage, finally winding up the thread into a neat ball to be presented to the hostess. Other Lenten amusements were "Browning mornings" and "Ibsen evenings," when amateur readers and reciters entertained the guests by selections from the respective authors.

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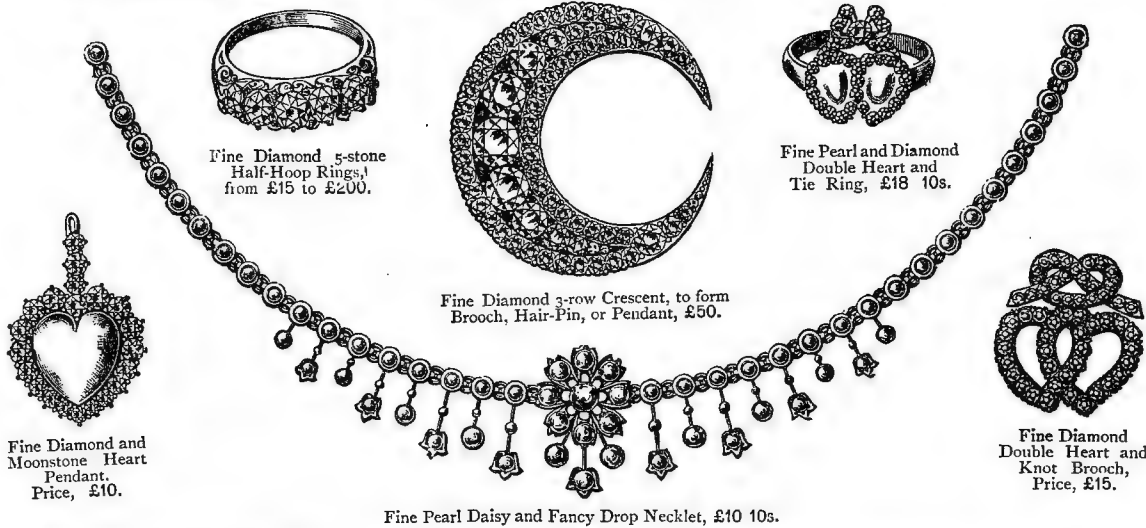
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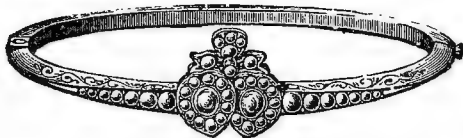
Fine Pearl and Diamond Double Heart and Tie Ring, £18 10s.

Fine Diamond 3-row Crescent, to form Brooch, Hair-Pin, or Pendant, £50.

Fine Diamond and Moonstone Heart Pendant. Price, £10.

Fine Diamond Double Heart and Knot Brooch, Price, £15.

Fine Pearl Daisy and Fancy Drop Necklet, £10 10s.



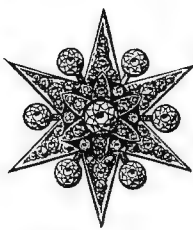
Fine Pearl Double-Heart Bracelet, £5 10s.



Fine Diamond Half-Hoop Bracelets, from £18 10s.



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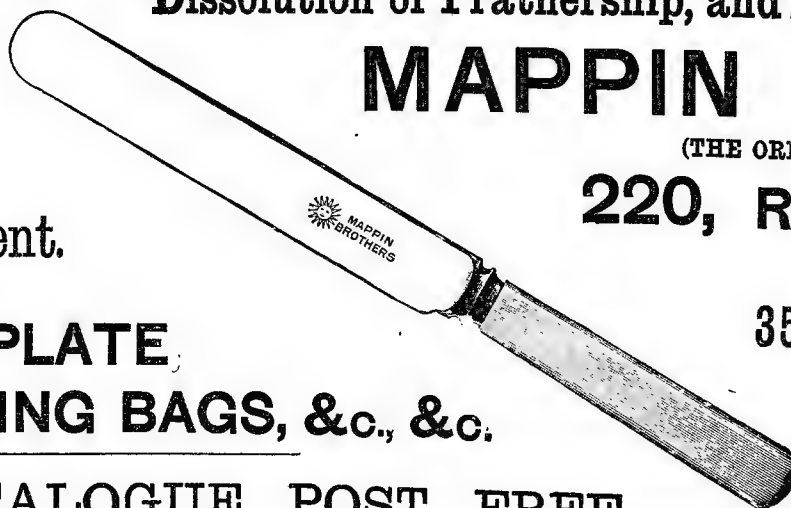
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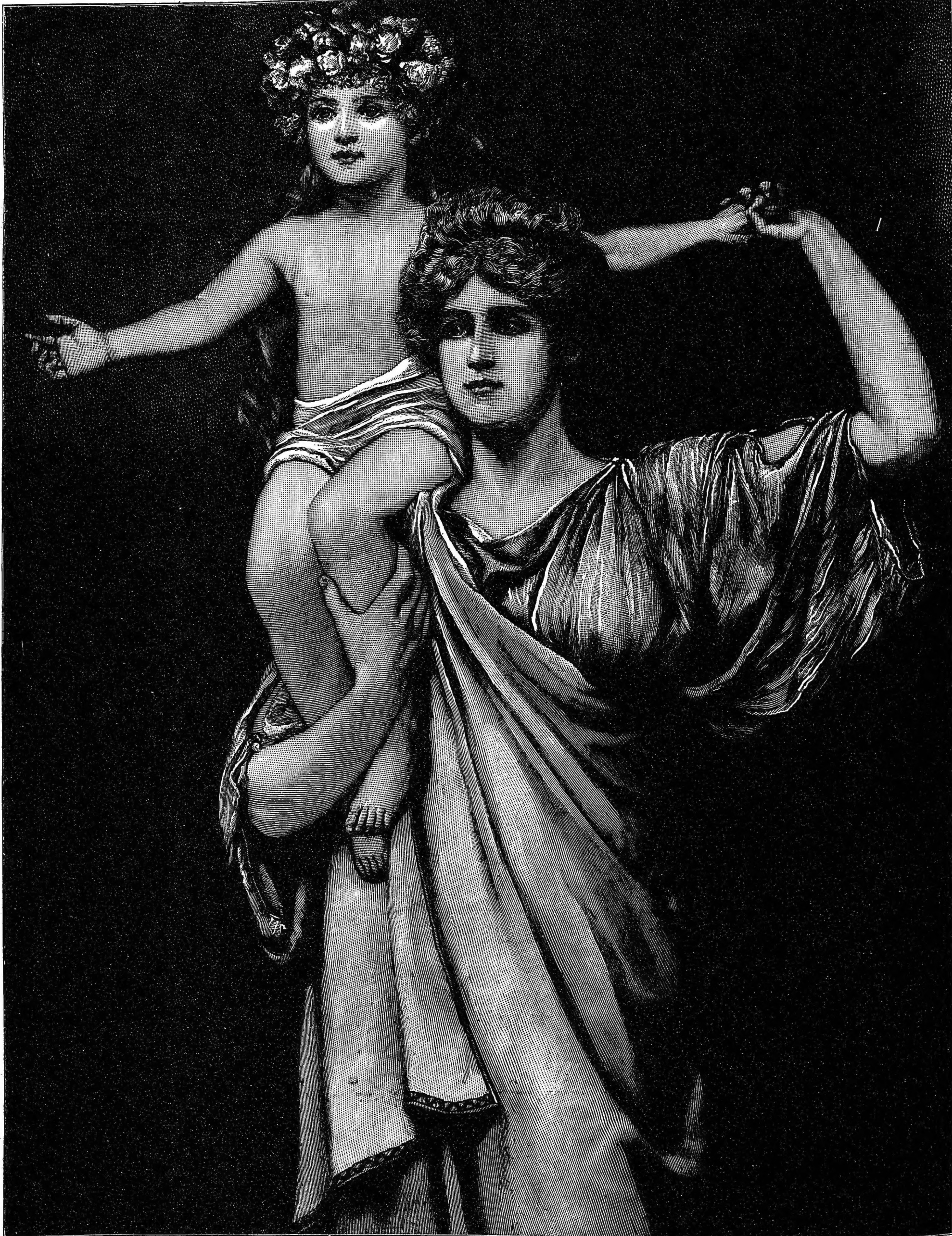
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IT OUTLASTS ALL OTHERS.



THE GRAPHIC, APRIL 12, 1890





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FROM THE PAINTING BY HERBERT SCHMALZ

The "Graphic" has, with Pen and Pencil, it appears, Made friends the wide world o'er now nearly twenty years!

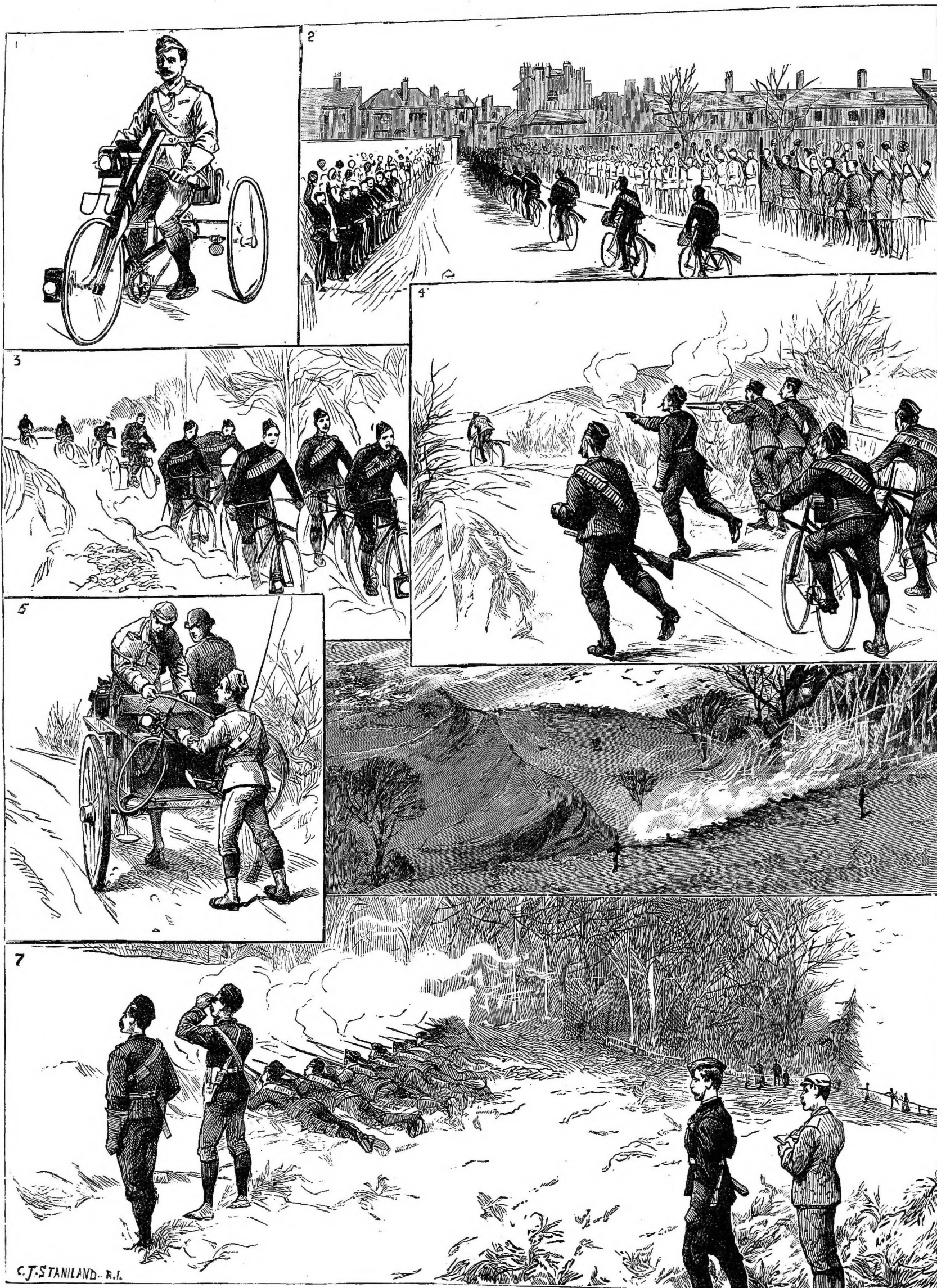
Its Birth seems yesterday—two decades soon are o'er— 'Twill hold its own, we trust, for many decades more! Behold its Child—Time flies!—a sturdy infant too,

Who fain would run alone, and pants for pastures new; Who wishes wider fields, who longs for latest news, For telegrams as well as instantaneous views.

A daring Child! Let's hope this "Daily Graphic" may, Be, with its Pen and Pencil, graphic day by day! J. ASHBY-STERRY.

The DAILY GRAPHIC contains Telegraphic News of Importance from all parts of the World. Signed Articles by the most eminent Men of the Day. Illustrated Letters from many important Towns at Home and Abroad. The general verdict of the public being that it is the most marvellous production at the price of ONE PENNY.



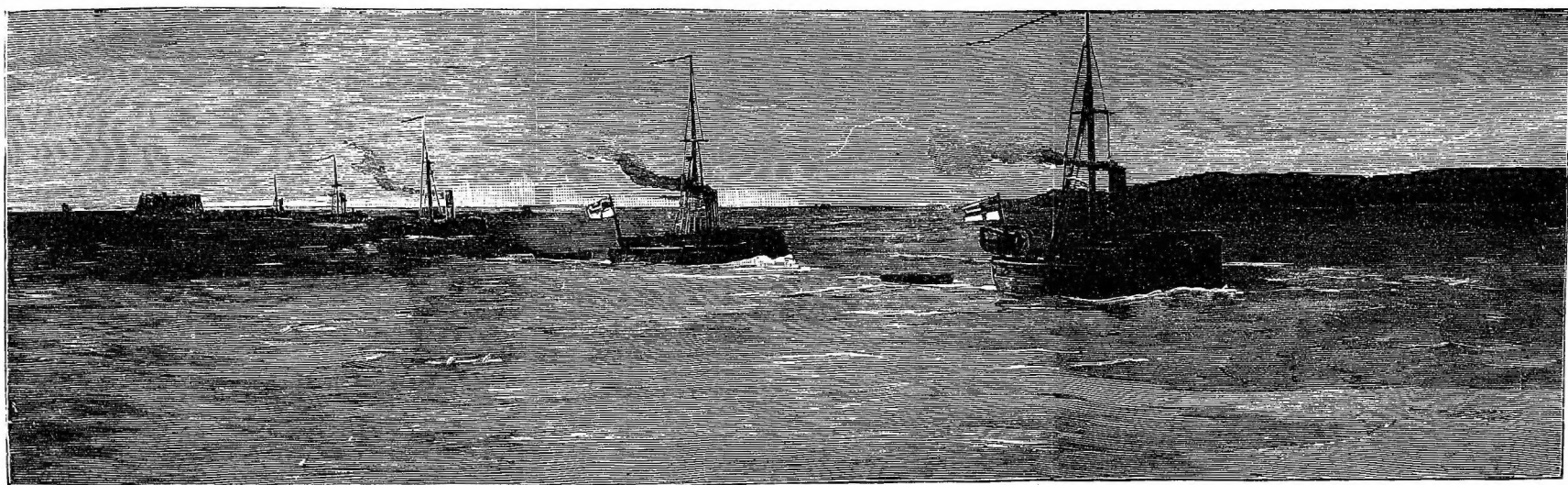


C.J. STANLAND. R.I.

- WITH THE ROYAL MARINE CYCLISTS FROM WALMER TO THE BATTLE OF TOLSFORD HILL—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE FOLKESTONE DIVISION
1. Major Edge on the Warpath
  2. Cyclists leaving the South Barracks, Walmer
  3. Circling Tolsford Hill to get to the Rear of the Enemy
  4. The Major "on the shoot"
  5. "Helping a lame duck"
  6. The Battle of Tolsford Hill: Cyclists attacking the Enemy's Rear
  7. The Cyclists' first Skirmish (Rear of Tolsford Hill)

THE VOLUNTEER EASTER MANŒUVRES





THE GUNBOATS COMING UP THE SOLENT TO ATTACK THE LAND FORCE ON BROWNDOWN, PORTSMOUTH  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist with the Portsmouth Division



AT FOLKESTONE—THE FIRST TOWER HAMLETS WITH THEIR SINGLE AND DOUBLE GARDNER GUNS IN ACTION  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist with the Folkestone Division



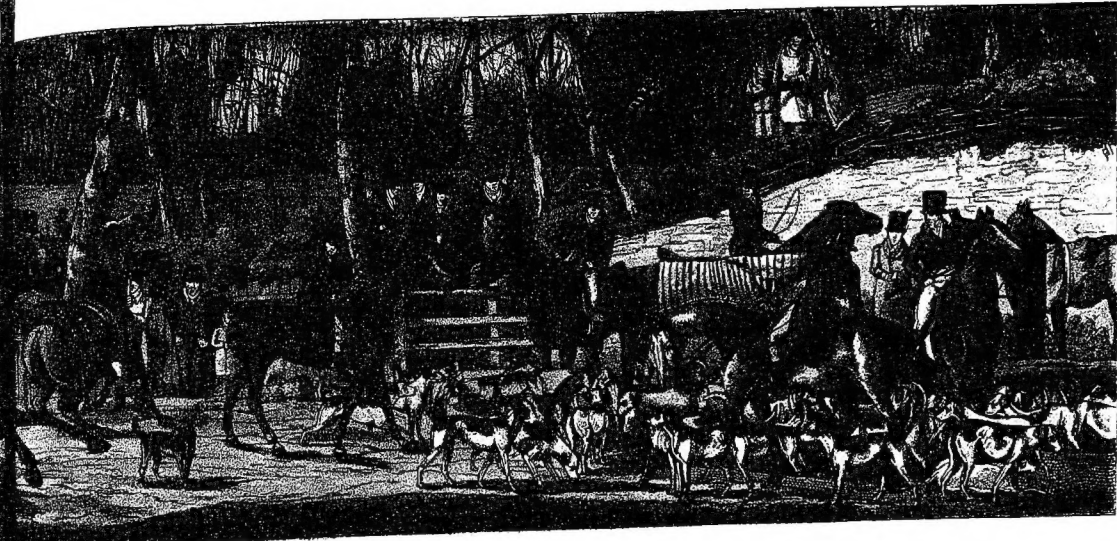
THE SECOND VOLUNTEER BATTALION OF THE MIDDLESEX RIFLES UNDER LORD ABINGER ADVANCING ALONG THE SHORE UNDER COVER OF THE GUNBOATS TO ATTACK BROWNDOWN, PORTSMOUTH  
From a Sketch by our Special Artist with the Portsmouth Division

## THE VOLUNTEER EASTER MANŒUVRES





Henry Alken



Henry Alken



Henry Alken

